**TO NEWSAGENTS:** A Newsagent who was selling only 15 copies of **THE MODERN MAN** each week, took advantage of our offer regarding free copies for distribution, and he is now selling 69 a week. You can do as well. Specimen copies will be sent you free if you forward a post-card to the Publishers, ODHAMS, Ltd., 67, Long Acre.

# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 18. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 6, 1909. ONE PENNY.

# HARRY HALL

*Established over 26 years.*

## ORIGINATOR & ONLY MAKER

Of the IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"

## 21/- RIDING BREECHES.

***Highest Award: 10 Gold Medals.***

**Unequalled Value, Fit and Style.**

Lace or Button Knees, Split Fall or Fly Front. **Cut as Hunting Breeches,** very clean at knees.
**Universally acknowledged.**
**Best-fitting and Value Breeches worn.**
**Perfect freedom** in Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, &c,

In real Harris and Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, **Riding Cords, and FOR HOME AND COLONIAL** hard wear.

**BURBERRY'S** famous **GABARDINE** (Thorn, Rainproofed and Washable).

**POLO BREECHES, 25/-** **Oxford Leggings, all Leathers, 16/6 per pair.**

*"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat and Vest, the fit being perfect.—K. G. F., Westmeath."*

(MADE FROM CUSTOMERS' MEASURES.)

## The OXFORD "Semi" NORFOLK

(Regd.)

(Can be worn with Breeches or Trousers) **45/-**

"Semi" Norfolk and Breeches **63/-**

The two expanding pleats at back give that perfect freedom so essential in forward or overhead reaching. Roomy patch pockets or ordinary pockets and button cuffs. Wind straps or shirt wrists. Long slit at back for riding. **MATERIALS.** — Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, Donegal Homespuns, &c. An ideal suit for all sporting purposes.

## THE "DERBY" MACKINTOSH. 25/-

**Worth and frequently sold at 2 guineas.**

Made from double texture fawn Paramatta.
Driving or wind straps on cuff. Sewn seams and edges. Guaranteed waterproof.
**Indispensable when Driving, Riding, Walking, Fishing, Motoring, &c.**
Chest measurement over jacket required. Stocked from 36-in. to 42-in. chest.
Sample coat sent on receipt of covering amount or trade references.

**"Gold Medal" Breeches, Oxford "Semi" Norfolk Coverall and Leggings, £6 6s. 0d. Complete.**

An Indispensable Sporting and Stormproof Outfit.

**Perfect fit guaranteed for BREECHES and COATS from our SIMPLE SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.**

**OFFICERS AND CIVILIANS ABROAD, AMERICANS AND COLONIALS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.**

**SUITS and OVERCOATS** (in great variety) from **50/-.** Unequalled Value, Fit, and Style. To measure in 12 hours (if desired).

*PATTERNS POST FREE.*

**Dept. M, 205, OXFORD STREET, W.** (Near Oxford Circus),
**Dept. M, 21-31, ELDON STREET, LIVERPOOL STREET, E.C.**

VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to call and have measures recorded for future reference.

COPYRIGHT.]

*Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents,* A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., *Thanet House,* 231, *Strand, London.*

*Try this*

# "SANDOW"

# HEALTH TIME-TABLE

***For Your Health's Sake.***

**8 Hours' Sleep**
**8 Hours' Work**
**8 Hours' Play less**
**8 Minutes' Exercise**

**Every Day.**

WITH THE

## Sandow Developer.

For your Health's sake—for the sake of yourself and others dependent upon your fitness—for the purpose of warding off such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Lack of Energy, Sleeplessness or Nervousness—

Just try the 8 Minutes a day **SANDOW DEVELOPER** Exercise for One Week—then note the improvement in your feeling of fitness, your appearance and your energy of brain and body.

**INDIGESTION** will not afflict you.
**CONSTIPATION** will not trouble you.

**SLEEPLESSNESS** will not haunt your pillow.
**NERVOUSNESS** will not mar your daily life.

***IF YOU EXCEED THE 8 HOURS' WORK LIMIT—BEWARE!!!***

You especially cannot neglect the precaution of stimulating the bodily and mental functions in the health harmony of mind-directed muscular exercise with the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

An infinite variety of invitingly interesting and health-valuable movements can be carried out with the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

The **SANDOW DEVELOPER** has been supplied to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts and other notable people, and all speak highly of the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

With every **SANDOW DEVELOPER** at **12/6** is supplied charts of many different illustrated movements for recreational and health purposes, with fully detailed instructions.

Every **SANDOW DEVELOPER** is complete with directions for fixing on wall or door of one's room. Two minutes and the Developer is afterwards always ready for immediate use.

Try the Sandow Health Time-Table and the **SANDOW DEVELOPER.**

**The Price is only - 12/6.**

☞ Arrangements have been made with the Proprietors of "Modern Man" whereby a Sandow Developer will be dispatched securely packed, **carriage free,** to any reader who will fill up the enclosed coupon and send same to the

SANDOW DEVELOPER CO., No. 4, BANGOR HOUSE, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

***To the SANDOW DEVELOPER CO.,***
***4, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.***

*Please forward A SANDOW DEVELOPER, carriage free, to the name and address as below. I enclose Twelve Shillings and Sixpence in payment.*

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

_____

"*M. M.*," *Mar. 6 1909.*] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 18. WEEK ENDING MARCH 6TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.


## WANTED, MEN!

*All actual heroes are essential men,*
*And all men possible heroes.*—BROWNING.

The phrase appeared at the head of a recent leader in one of the London evening papers. The article was a laudation of the present patriotic movement, and its writer urged all his readers to become Territorials. The title "Wanted, Men!" was therefore appropriate, for the man who serves his country in his spare time is essentially a man, not merely a two-legged animal of the male sex.

As early readers of this paper will remember, THE MODERN MAN advocated Territorialism long before the production of that admirable play "An Englishman's Home," and long before the Press agitation which followed it.

That the Editor thus anticipated all his contemporaries, need not be attributed to second-sight on his part; his doing so was simply in accordance with his general campaign. The keynote of THE MODERN MAN is manliness, and, this being so, it was inevitable that the Editor should advise his readers to become Territorials.

As a Territorial myself, I naturally rejoice in the support which is being given to a matter in which I am keenly interested, but I should like to see the great masculine movement go a step further.

"Wanted, men!" We want them to fill up the vacancies in the various Territorial units, but we want them also in every other branch of life.

For the last ten years there has been preached a gospel of namby-pambyism. We have been urged on all hands to play nothing more exciting than chess, and to play it after the singing of a hymn in a dreary Y.M.C.A. hall; we have been forbidden to drink anything stronger than lemonade and coffee; we have been told to spend all our spare time reading and "improving" ourselves.

What is the result?

The production of a large number of males who are not men. They are rotten imitations. They know it when they meet a real man, because they see their inferiority and they feel mighty small and uncomfortable till he gets out of their sight; then they say nasty things about him to try and bring him down to their own level, so that they shall not feel such a strong contempt for themselves.

It's a pity they do this. If they would only allow themselves to smart a bit, they would presently begin to see why. They would learn that they despised themselves just because they were not real men, and they would set about reforming their characters.

The gospel of namby-pambyism is the most hurtful that has ever been preached. Let us have no more of it. Let us improve our characters by being a bit kinder to other people; to suppose that we are better by assuming an air of hypocritical cant is only to deceive ourselves. Let us be natural—natural, kind and brave.

Let us be men.

R. HADDON.

COPYRIGHT.

## CHEEK.

"I am really and genuinely of the original 'Lay on, Macduff!' I also belong to a Yorkshire family which went to Ireland. Consequently I claim to belong to Scotland, England, and Ireland," says Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Happy little Wales!

* * * * * * *

One of Mrs. Carrie Nation's farewell utterances was, "God has sent Carrie Nation in answer to the prayers of the mothers of the world." *When* will women learn to hold their tongues?

* * * * * * *

Jack Johnson, the coloured champion boxer of the world, spends his leisure, we are told, reading Shakespeare. We should have thought Burns would have been his favourite poet.

* * * * * * *

A pig, we learn, recently "barked" at a passing motor-car, and then tried to jump into it. Naturally, that hog came from Berkshire, but the real explanation of its eccentric behaviour is that it thought it recognised a near relation in the driver.

* * * * * * *

Unless you are a very big man, it is not safe to ask Mr. Sydney Bourne, Chairman of the Crystal Palace Football Club, what he thinks of 9 as a lucky number. N.B. In their replayed Cup-Tie with Burnley, Crystal Palace were defeated 9—0.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Victor Grayson's favourite song, it is said, is "My Pretty Jane." Mr. F. T. Jane, who abducted him, is no relative of the lady referred to.

* * * * * * *

"I sometimes speak after dinner, it is true, but then, on those occasions I do not dine," says Sir Charles Wyndham. O! that some after-dinner orators would reverse Sir Charles' process.

* * * * * * *

Judge Willis tells us that "if treated kindly, a wife is always reasonable." Is His Honour married?

* * * * * * *

At a New Orleans banquet Mr. Taft "got outside" an alligator (steak). What we should like to see would be the alligator that would "get outside" Mr. Taft.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Wilbur Wright, it appears, considers £40 a sufficient income for one year. Of course, most of the time he is living on air.

* * * * * * *

An American delicacy that has been introduced into London is "planked steak," that is a steak cooked on an oak plank. At some of our restaurants they get mixed and serve the plank.

* * * * * * *

According to Mr. Winston Churchill, the creditor is the really guilty party in cases of debt. We hereby give our creditors (from A to Z) fair warning that if they are not very careful legal proceedings will be taken against them.

NORMAN FRASER.

## MR. POCOCK IS SILENT.

Last week we printed Mr. H. Gray-Reid's reply to the challenge made by Mr. Roger Pocock, founder of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

It will be remembered that Mr. Pocock wrote: "In all courtesy, and under the rules of his own special variety of pugilism, wrestling, or of any other lawful combat, we would like to make him known to a member of the Legion, of his own size, weight and degree of training."

In reply our contributor accepted the challenge, but made no restriction as to size, weight or training. He had attacked the Legion of Frontiersmen, and he announced his readiness to meet Mr. Roger Pocock himself, as its best known representative. He had the choice of weapons, being the person challenged, and he chose swords as being more compatible with the dignity of a gentleman than either fists or the rough-and-tumble of wrestling.

As soon as we received Mr. H. Gray-Reid's reply we laid it before Mr. Pocock. Up to the present, however, we have received no response.

Why?

It can hardly be supposed that Mr. Pocock lacks the spirit necessary for going through with the sequel to a challenge which he himself made. Rather would we think that he is restrained from doing so by some foolish red-tape restrictions attaching to the office he holds.

Be that as it may, our readers have the facts before them and can form their own conclusions.

Possibly the members of the Legion of Frontiersmen may care to take action, seeing that their chief does not do so.

It may be that they supposed Mr. Gray-Reid would at once go on his knees at the very suggestion of combat. If that was their idea, if they supposed that either my contributor or myself would be intimidated by bluff, they laboured under a misapprehension.

They made their official challenge—or invitation to combat, call it which you will. We have accepted it, and their reply is

SILENCE.

YOUR EDITOR.

# B-P's Boy Louts.

AN OPINION.

[*I print this outspoken criticism because of its vigour and candour. I do not deny that there is another side to the question, and I shall be happy to give prominence to a reply from General Baden-Powell or from one of the leading supporters of his "Boy Scout" movement.*—Ed.]

"Gee, whizz! What is it, anyway?" said an American visitor.

He pointed to some small boys, who, clad in a costume something between that of a professional footballer and a merry Swiss peasant, were slouching along a London street. They stopped at intervals to make mysterious signs to other small boys, and very intently to examine the road sweepings.

"Gee, whizz! What is it, anyway?" he repeated impatiently.

"These," I told him, "are 'B-P's Boy Scouts.'"

"'B-P's Boy Scouts!'" said the Yankee. "Dern that fellow, Beecham. He always was a mighty 'cute advertiser, but I guess this boy scout racket is about the limit."

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

The American, however, was wrong, though excusably so. It is not to the discoverer of the "worth a guinea a box" panacea, but to an advertiser even greater than he that these objectionable youngsters known as "B-P's Boy Scouts" owe their absurd and most unnecessary existence.

One does not break butterflies on wheels, and there is no need to be ultra-serious in dealing with a pack of snuffy-nosed schoolboys, but really these boy louts and their doings make one's gorge rise.

First of all, a few words as to their founder.

No doubt it is necessary nowadays in the Army, as in most professions, to advertise if you want to get on. The military advertiser is a well-known if not a particularly venerated type, and one cannot altogether blame an obscure officer if he seizes an opportunity of getting and keeping himself before the public.

**THE STAMP EPISODE.**

General Baden-Powell saw his chance in the theatrical defence of Mafeking, and one does not blame him for taking it, but one may think, along with a good many other people, that an absurd fuss was made about him and his doings.

Moreover, one does not expect the greatest delicacy of feeling from an officer who did not hesitate to put his own head instead of his Sovereign's on an issue of siege postage stamps, for making which, by the way, there does not seem to have been any particular reason.

One asks, however, with a very humble and sincere desire for information, is it right that a General Officer on the active list should be publicly identified with such a movement as "B-P's Boy Scouts"?

One asks, too, is it right, is it even permissible by the regulations that an officer on the active list should run a newspaper, that he should contribute to it a weekly lucubration—mainly about himself—and that, while holding His Majesty's commission, he should be identified with what is presumably a commercial venture?

Above all, one asks, is it seemly that "A Week in Camp with B-P" should be advertised on the hoardings after the manner of a Cook's excursion?

No doubt the boys highly appreciated General Baden-Powell's presence in camp with them, but the attraction might have been less ostentatiously proclaimed.

**SPOILT CHILDREN.**

If the existence of "B-P's Boy Scouts" is to be justified at all, it is to be justified on two grounds; first, the influence for good on the character of the boys; second, the usefulness and practical value of the work they do.

In regard to the first point, one of the curses of the present day is the way in which children are spoilt and flattered, and dragged into the limelight. Modern children are interviewed and photographed, their piffling sayings are quoted, their wholly unimportant doings chronicled in the papers to a nauseating degree, and with the worst results to the children themselves, because all this publicity turns them into detestable self-conscious little prigs or equally obnoxious little self-advertisers, or both.

The "B-P's Boy Scouts" movement—with all its cheap theatricality of costume, pass words, signs and so on; the ridiculous prominence which is given to their doings in the Press—is not calculated to turn them into particularly useful men.

It certainly is desirable that the youth of the country should be trained to bear arms, but let that be done in school cadet corps, where the boys are under proper discipline and where theatricality is not encouraged.

**PENNY DREADFUL HEROES.**

In cadet corps boys are taught to handle a rifle and to shoot, but what are the "Boy Scouts" taught? A lot of penny dreadful flummery about secret passwords, cabalistic signs, with a dash of "Sherlock Holmes" on the war-path. It is playing at "Red Indians," and, as Red Indians are never likely to attack this country, the need for preparing to deal with them is small.

Scouting, of course, is of importance in warfare, but not the theatrical kind of Tommyrot the Boy Scouts go in for.

Moreover, it does not even encourage boys to become soldiers or Territorials. It is not the sort of training that will make them content with the grind of drill and shooting of real soldiering.

The training does not appear to have a particularly beneficial effect on the boys' physique. At all events, as one sees them slouching along, leaning on their ridiculous alpenstocks, they make a pretty poor showing beside the well-set-up, well-disciplined boys of cadet corps and boys' brigades.

**WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN WAR.**

Is it seriously contended that in the event of war the Boy Scouts would be of any use? Is it likely that men would be bothered with a lot of children yapping around discovering mares' nests in every tree?

Whereas the school cadet who has learned to handle a rifle and to shoot—the one part of a soldier's training which can least of all be picked up in a hurry, or on the battlefield—should be of some use in the defence of his country when he comes to manhood, very few of the "Boy Scouts" would be of much military value, for the simple reason that, with every inch of the country known and mapped, scouts would not be much employed in the event of a war in our own land.

No boys, whether B-P's or not, would be allowed to take part in war. War is a man's business.

The other day I mentioned these views to an old soldier.

"You're quite right," he said. "If B.-P. brought his 'Boy Scouts' to get in our way, the first thing we'd do would be to shoot the little ——'s."

David Cooper.

# BAD FORM.

THINGS A MAN MUSTN'T DO.

I daresay there is no social "crime" of which the average man is more afraid of being found guilty, than that of bad form.

If a man accuse you of dishonourable conduct or call you a cad, you are insulted, and have your remedy. To be stigmatised as guilty of bad form, however, is rather to be rebuked by public opinion.

"You are a d——d cad," may merely represent an individual view of yourself, or may be merely vulgar abuse.

But "that was dashed bad form on your part" is a charge of having offended against the canons of decent behaviour as understood by men at large.

But as the rebuke is generally justified, and usually represents the consensus of opinion among, say, your schoolmates, your comrades at college, university, or in your office or your club, or is administered by an older and better man than yourself, you can only sit still under its sting, and hope and try not to transgress again.

It is not altogether easy to define bad form. It is something between dishonourable conduct and caddishness. But it is often so close to one or the other that it is difficult to draw the line.

I do not think there is any need to write down as knave or cad the man who squabbles with his wife before his guests. But he is guilty of bad form.

Domestic bickerings in public are always bad form, while it is equally "rotten" to disparage your relations to strangers.

"A poor thing, my lord, but mine own," said a clergyman trying to be funny, when introducing his wife to his bishop.

Rotten bad form which was rightly punished by the lady's instant retort as she indicated her husband: "A still poorer thing, my lord, but mine owner."

You may say, oh, but she ran down her husband. Circumstances alter cases. The retort was justified; the remark which provoked it was unforgivable.

A species of bad form to which young men are particularly prone is that of talking loudly in public about their achievements and private affairs.

To abuse a confidence, eavesdropping, tale-bearing, kissing and telling, are all types of bad form, but as a rule practically indistinguishable from dishonourable and caddish behaviour.

An interesting detail of form is the fact that while a university man will almost invariably omit the "Mr." on his visiting card, in the Army this little prefix is always used.

It is all a matter of custom.

In sport bad form usually means sharp practice, but there is one sort of sporting bad form which does not come under that category. I mean crowing over a victory or sulking under a defeat.

Naturally, it is the worst of form to bring discredit or ridicule on your "cloth." "Never take your uniform where you would not take your sister" is a sound Service saying.

Equally, it is bad form to parade your profession, although it is still worse form to be, or to appear to be, ashamed of it. "Don't talk shop in general society" is an excellent maxim for those who want to avoid the pitfalls of bad form.

On the whole, if it were possible to arrive at a precise definition of bad form, which I doubt, I should say that in most cases it consists of doing something which you cannot be prevented from doing, but which you are so to speak on your honour to your fellow-men not to do. Honour is not, perhaps, just the right word to use, for if you break your honour you break everything manly, and bad form is far too mild a term to apply to your conduct.

Bad form, let us say, lies mainly in offending against the unwritten laws of your class, whatever that may be.

Oliver Stokes.

# In Cellar Cool.

A SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I saw him fiddling with the taps behind the bar of the old hostelry. He held a clear glass of old wine up to the light, and expressed his satisfaction—then emptied it down the half-concealed sink.

He was fat and comfortable looking, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up above his brown arms as they should be. A cobweb-covered skull cap surmounted his iron-grey hair, and his thick-set form was enveloped in a frayed leather apron—this was Simon the Cellarer of the present day.

As a special mark of personal favour he invited me to descend into his own domain, and, leaving the sunlit historic lounge, from the carved ceiling of which smoke-blackened Elizabethan faces looked down, I followed him through a mysterious oaken doorway into darkness.

Whereupon I groped and blundered down stone steps, worn thin and slippery by bygone Dickensian hosts since the days of the fourth George. My head was my Simon, weirdly silhouetted against the light of the candle he bore in front of him. There was a scuttling in the dark, where the descent abruptly ended, and we turned sharply into a low subterranean passage. A pair of tiny bright eyes pierced the gloom beyond the light's unsteady flicker, then disappeared—apparently into the walls. Simon muttered something uncomplimentary about rats, as he blocked up a hole tunnelled in the black earth. An overzealous grey spider unburied itself from a cranny in the ancient brickwork, and spread its absurdly long legs of hair thickness on the wall—just like a school boy's inky drawing of the sun. The inoffensive spider was promptly squashed by Simon with a massive rusty key.

A heavy, once white-washed door barred our progress at the blind end of the passage. A "scrun-n-ch," the stubborn lock shot back, and the door swung open with the emphatic, painful groan of old age. Simon dived his stained hand into the darkness and switched on the electric light.

I was in the "Cellar Cool" of the old song, and a sixteen candle power glow softly lightened its darkness! I found myself instinctively humming:

"In cellar cool I sit and quaff
A full and brimming measure,
Of sparkling wine, of golden wine,
Kind Nature's choicest treasure.
In rosy hue the world appears,
And to my way of thinking,
No mortal pleasure man enjoys
Like drinking, drinking, drinking."

The floor here was covered with a thick layer of sawdust. In the centre of the place, under the green-shaded light, lay a dead brown rat, its tail tapered out full length, the still, dark little body showing up in relief against the yellow sawdust.

The arched brick roof was festooned with cobwebs. A pungent odour of old wine permeated the place, mixed somehow with the smell of dead earth.

Our moving shadows cast distorted, menacing reflections on the time blackened walls. Simon produced a thin-lipped wine glass from a crazy cupboard, and disappeared momentarily into the vague space beyond the circle of light.

I heard a faint trickling, a sound as of palating—then the trickling again. He returned with the glass full, and held it up to the light for my inspection.

The wine was a pale, almost amethyst colour. I drank. It was Port as it should be. Around me the great hogsheads sat hunched like a silent assembly of ancient idols—all so grave, so venerable. I had another glass. It was royal wine that seemed dimly to suggest a vision of those dandified but gallant gentlemen of the old Georgian time when England was still in the making.

Simon pressed me to taste the sherry. I demurred, but its pale gold was irresistible. Simon walked round critically tapping the casks—so much sweetness between those walls that were never swept!

Somehow, I fell to thinking, and I saw that the cask or the bottle was the world to the young wine. As the wine dwelt the longer in it, so its youthful indiscretion of harsh flavour mellowed into a later wisdom of exquisite bouquet, aged fulness, and tranquillity.

I pictured to myself the past generations of innkeepers who had laid down this store of wine—jolly, comfortable and hearty fellows one and all, with spotless white aprons and shirt sleeves, smoking churchwardens and basking in the sun at their doorway.

I looked up. Simon was seated on a stool by a big cask, and he was softly singing in a quavering voice:

"Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a large store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more,
For a chary old soul is he.
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day."

From somewhere an obscure chorus took up the refrain:

"But ho, ho, ho! his nose doth show
How oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go."

The harmony died away in the distance, and Simon half turned his face towards me. Yet it was not the Simon I knew. His features were set in the calm pose which is not of the twentieth century, and I noticed for the first time that the top of his head showed a perfectly bald circle. His leather apron, too, covered a loose robe of coarse brown frieze.

Then I knew that this was Simon the Cellarman—monk of the old time. Behind him a broad sunray shot down a winding stone stairway that I had not noticed before, and that was the only light that cut the dark of the cellar now.

Simon's profile was silhouetted clearly against the light. From somewhere above the stairway came harmonious voices chanting the "Ave Maria." Simon leaned forward and listened attentively. Then cautiously filled a glass, lifted it to his lips, and drank slowly. A smile overspread his beatific features as he drained it. He rubbed his ample paunch, and set the glass down reverently with a sigh of satisfaction.

* * * * * * *

"Whatever are you dreaming about, sir?" asked my Simon, returned to the twentieth century again. He had risen from the stool and crossed over to me. We heard the stamp of a small foot on the floor above us repeated sharply. I immediately deduced that it must be the proprietor's daughter, Nora—the envy of the ladies and the idol of the men.

"Simon!" she called out petulantly, "are you down there?"

"Yes, Miss Nora."

"Well, do hurry up—the stout's 'off' in the saloon bar!"

# SPARROW CATCHING.

## A SPORT FOR AFTER DARK.

The man with a love of the open air in his heart, and with a silent but complete sympathy with mother earth, needs little to draw him out of doors at all hours of day or night, and those who once leave the warmth of the log fire and brave the cold when the cold is keenest, for the sake of a night's sparrow-catching, will receive a hundredfold of pleasure in return.

Sparrow-catching demands courage, hardihood, and energy. Three persons make up the ideal party. The equipment costs practically nothing, and is of the simplest description. It consists of a small-meshed net fixed to two long tapering poles, joined at the top to form a pointed arch. It measures about six or seven feet from top to bottom, and is held aloft by one of the party.

The second man carries a long, light pole and acts as beater, while the third is lantern bearer, game carrier and general assistant.

No man with only half a heart for "roughing it" need attempt it, for it demands complete devotion. It is just when the arm-chair makes its strongest appeal; when the house is being closed up against the bleak night; when a smoke and a game of cards before the roaring fire seem to furnish the ideal evening occupation, that the sparrow-catcher sets out, well booted and clad.

Twilight has given way to night, the frost-bound earth rings beneath the feet on the high road, as we start upon a two hours' tramp round the neighbouring woods and farm yards where the farmer's enemies are known to roost.

At the end of a long belt of thick evergreens we begin work. The man with the net takes his stand on one side, while the beater scrambles through the nearest gap and over the ditch to the other side. At a given signal work begins.

The first few taps upon the outer branches cause no stir among the birds, and if we did not know from experience that the sparrow clings tenaciously to his perch we might suppose that there were none to catch. But the beater lashes out more furiously.

There is a flutter within, a great commotion, growing into a regular whirr and whirl of wings, and out come the sparrows in dozens, circling in the air, whirring past our faces, or blundering helplessly into the net spread to receive them.

The net is closed with a snap and brought quickly to the ground. The lantern bearer sheds a light, and out of the struggling mass of feathers the sparrows are taken one by one.

They find a final resting place, after being dexterously dispatched, in the roomy bag slung over the lantern bearer's shoulder.

At the end of the wood a half-mile tramp over open pasture separates us from our next place—the farmer's rick-yard.

As we tramp silently along, the glamour of the night steals over us. There is a half-light over the earth; the stillness is intense; the chewing cattle stagger to their feet and gather round us in a semi-circle, curious to know what manner of creatures we are, abroad at such a time; away in the depths of the night we hear the occasional hoot of an owl, lamenting and mourning in ghostly tones; we seem isolated in darkness, yesterday immeasurably far behind us, to-morrow immeasurably far ahead.

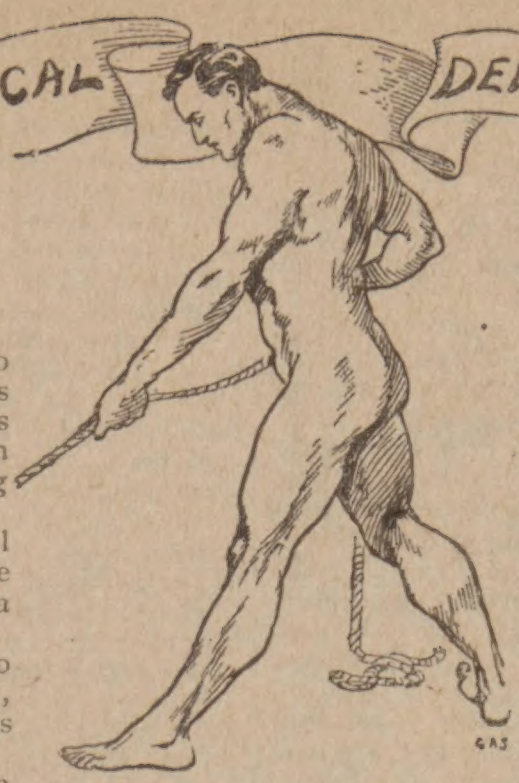
But there is work to be done. For half an hour we work silently round the ricks and along the thatch of the great barns, and when the last sparrow has been caught we make for the farmer's house.

A real rural English welcome awaits us. While we enjoy something hot and home-brewed the farmer counts our bag. "Ninety-four birds!" he exclaims; and we think it a good night's sport.

Leaving the "game" with him—for his farm hands are fond of sparrow pie—we shoulder our net and pole, and a twenty minutes' brisk walk finds us once more before our own fire, a healthy glow tingling all over us, and a delicious laziness in our limbs. And so to bed.

E. EASTON-GRAY.

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



**A WEEKLY FEATURE.**
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## COMPETITIVE DEVELOPMENT.

The difficulty of sticking to a course of physical culture has already been referred to on this page, and readers have written to ask for a cure for "feeling slack."

Here is one which you will find useful, while at the same time you may be benefiting a friend.

Get some other fellow to go through the course with you, and compare notes as often as you meet.

Try and get hold of one among your friends who starts with about the same degree of physical development as yourself, and persuade him to practise the exercises for the same time daily that you do.

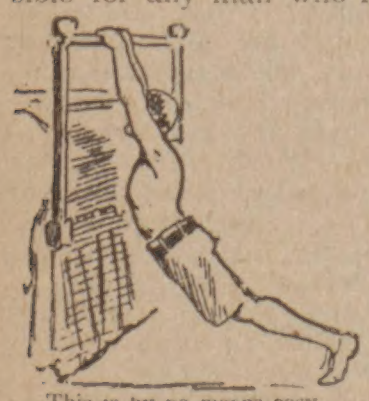
You must both take and make a note of your measurements when you start, and compare your respective development from time to time.

The plan may, of course, be extended to include a number of fellows or a club, but on the whole it is best restricted to two, as otherwise the difference in physique to start with may prove disheartening to those less favoured by nature.

In any case, however, you will get the element of competition which is present in most other games and sports, but which physical culture, to a great extent, will otherwise lack.

## AN IMPROVISED HORIZONTAL BAR.

An exercise, which will be found extremely useful for the arms, shoulders and back, is possible for any man who has a strong iron bedstead with a head or foot from four to five feet high.



This is by no means easy.

Grasp the top bar with both hands and place the feet as far as possible from the foot of the bed, keeping the body and arms rigid.

Then relax the muscles and lower the body to the position depicted in the sketch, and rise again to the starting position.

The strain on the muscles of the arm is very great, and you will not find it possible at first to do this more than once or twice at a time, but with practice and perseverance the difficulty will soon be overcome.

## STAMINA.

How many a keen physical culturist is there who, though he can lift a bar-bell of tremendous size, or play with 56lb. weights, cannot walk ten miles without feeling fit to drop?

What he lacks is staying power. The exercises which are suggested in these columns are intended for the development of muscle, and of the physique generally, but stamina can only be induced by physical culture of this kind in so far as the muscles are made more capable of enduring a severe strain.

The man who wants to be perfectly fit and in the pink of condition, and, above all, the man who wishes to use his improved physique to win success in boxing or wrestling, or any other form of sport, must devote some attention to developing staying power.

The best method of doing so is one that, from its very simplicity, may not, perhaps, commend itself to my readers.

My advice is "Walk." There is no pastime which can bring into play so many of the muscles of the body, or at which it is so easy to keep up a sustained yet gentle exercise.

Let yourself down lightly at first. Don't start off with twenty miles a day, but take a five mile walk in the evening. Then you can gradually work it up, until twenty or even thirty miles in a day will not trouble you in the least.

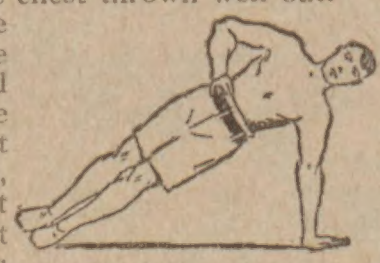
Walking is an ideal Sunday occupation, and a good long tramp in the country to open your lungs will do you all the good in the world, and freshen you up for the week's work. Even if it prevents your going to church, you will find that "Parson Greenfields" has not a little to teach you.

The great secret of distance walking, however, is to have a congenial companion. If you set out alone you will feel fagged out before you have travelled far, but with a good pal, who knows how to talk when you want to talk, and to be silent when you don't, you will scarcely notice the fatigue till you get home, and then a bath and a change will soon put you right.

## FOR THE BACK AND SHOULDERS.

Lie at full length, face downwards, on the floor. Place the palms of your hands on the floor beneath your chest, and raise yourself to the full extent of the arms, keeping your toes on the ground, and the chest thrown well out.

Then raise the right hand, place it on the hip, and turn slowly to the right, using the left foot as a pivot, while the weight rests upon the left arm, until you assume the position shown in the sketch.



One of the best exercises I have ever given.

Turn slowly back, and when your shoulders are square with the ground, but not before, replace the right hand on the ground. Continue the exercise, turning to the left instead of the right.

You will find this especially good for the muscles of the back and shoulders, but its benefits are by no means confined to them.

The whole body must be kept as rigid as possible, and one foot taken off the ground as the body turns.

## A GRIP OF STEEL.

A splendid method of developing the muscles of the hand and forearm, without going to the expense of buying grip machines, is to use as a substitute an ordinary indiarubber ball.

Do not get a hard one, at any rate at first; a soft one will give quite as much resistance as you require.

A simple method of improving your grip.

Take the ball in one hand, and practise squeezing it as hard as you can, applying the pressure quite slowly, over and over again, until you feel the muscles just below the elbow contracted into hard knots.

After a little practice at this exercise, you will be certain of getting your penny back from any "try-your-grip" machine, though you may not be as lucky as I was on one occasion, and find a machine that will give you back twopence for every penny you put in.

It may have been out of order, but I prefer to think that it was paying a just tribute to my strength of grip!

# UPPER ARM MUSCLES.

### THERE ARE MANY BESIDES THE BICEPS.

In dealing with the different muscles, or groups of muscles, separately, let us first take the muscles of the upper arm, since the average physical culturist pays a great deal of attention in this direction; in fact there is a tendency among most would-be strong men to devote too much time to the development of their arms, and to neglect the many and more important muscles of the body and legs.

It is for this reason that it is better, when going in for physical culture seriously, to place oneself under the tuition of some instructor or professor who will give you a sound and well balanced development, where every muscle is being developed in proportion and in harmony with the rest.

The first place among the upper arm muscles must be given to the deltoid, the large muscle at the top of the arm, whose function it is to raise the arm from the side, in order to bring it at right angles to the body, and which acts as a protective cap to the important structures of the shoulder joint. The only function which this muscle can perform by itself, is to raise the arm from the side, out in a line with the shoulders. For other motions of the arms it is assisted by other muscle groups.

For instance, when the arm is moved forwards and upwards, as in the action of throwing a ball underhand, the upper muscles of the chest, known as the pectoralis major, come into play and help the deltoid to raise the arm. Or when the arm is moved upwards and backwards, as in bowling at cricket, the deltoid is helped by the muscles at the back of the shoulders, known as the latissimus dorsi muscles; while in raising the arms above the head the deltoid only takes the arm at right angles to the body, after which the trapezius muscle, at the back of the neck, completes the action

Let us next take the biceps, the large two-headed muscle which occupies the whole of the front of the upper arm, and whose function it is to bend or roll up the arms. This muscle is the great flexor of the arms, and is the muscle that the ignorant physical culturist devotes more attention to than any other. A man has only to roll up his shirt sleeves and display an abnormal biceps, and he is invariably considered very strong. True, it is a very important muscle, but far too many people develop this muscle abnormally and neglect the others.

To acquire perfect symmetry you must endeavour to develop every muscle equally, so that each is in the fittest possible condition for the work it is called upon to do.

Practise a variety of exercises, instead of sticking to one, or even one series.

The triceps muscle comes next; this is the muscle which runs down the back of the upper arm, and which is the direct antagonist of the biceps, its function being to straighten out the arms. This muscle, which, as its name denotes, is three-headed, is brought into play mostly in pushing motions; it is especially developed among weight lifters, who push up heavy weights, using chiefly the triceps and leg muscles.

Another important muscle of the upper arm is the brachialis anticus, a muscle which lies immediately behind the biceps, and projects on either side of it. This muscle covers the elbow and forms an important protector for that delicate joint. The function of this muscle is to assist the biceps in the flexing of the arm.

The remaining muscle of the upper arm is the coraco-brachialis, a small muscle which works in conjuction with the biceps, and which has its position at the head of that muscle. Arthur Saxon, the world's champion weight lifter, shows a remarkable development of this muscle.

To gain a shapely arm, all these muscles should be developed in harmony and not so much labour thrown upon that unfortunate biceps which is so mercilessly treated by so many physical culturists.

A. Marston.

# BUCKING UP.

## WHAT WE ALL NEED SOME TIME.

If you are an average man, you experience from time to time a feeling that you are not at your maximum of health. You are not ill enough to put yourself in the doctor's hands, but you don't feel quite fit.

You want bucking up.

Don't start drinking medicine. Just take yourself in hand. It is worth while doing, because it makes all the difference between just living and enjoying life with zest.

The first step is to knock off whatever is exacting too great a demand on your reserve of energy. It may be drink, or tobacco, or something else. Usually it is overwork. Anyhow, knock it off, for a time at least, or reduce it as far as possible. Business is necessary to win your daily bread, but it isn't worth what it brings you if it is damaging your health. Cut off that home work, that extra study.

The next thing I want you to do is to brighten your mind. You can do it easily by visiting a theatre, but that is a bad plan if you are not feeling fit, for you are breathing foul air all the time. There are other—what I might call physical—ways of brightening your outlook, and they are more healthful.

Chief amongst them I should put having a bath or a sponge down and getting into a different suit of clothes as soon as you reach home at the end of the day. It is astonishing what a refreshing effect this has on the body and through it on the mind. Do it before you have your meal, and you will find that your appetite is better than usual.

Another tip is to secure bright companionship. Cultivate the acquaintance of some new friend. The man next door has often asked you to drop in some evening. Do it. He and his wife between them will open up a new interest for you, even if they are not very interesting in themselves; it's the novelty of their acquaintanceship that does it.

I emphasise the need of mental brightening because that has a lot to do with the general health.

Take up sport—anything will do, so long as it takes your thoughts away from yourself, and thus refreshes you.

Back it up by having hot baths as often as you can, thus keeping your skin in perfect condition. To the same end, change your underclothing each morning. There is much benefit to be derived from dressing clean from the skin every day.

As to exercise, if you are a bit run down, I should not prescribe too much of that. Take lots of exercise if you are fit—the more the better. But if you are not fit, you don't want to put any fresh taxes on your resources. Therefore indulge in exercise moderately, but see to it that you have a good sweat at least once a day.

Get all the fresh air you can. You have a grand opportunity for one third of each day if you keep your bedroom windows wide open while you sleep.

Sleep as long as you can. It is during sleep that the tissues of the body are renewed and built up, therefore get to bed early and don't rise till you have to—at least till you are fit once more.

Make up your mind to sleep the very moment your head touches the pillow; on no account must you allow yourself to start thinking; if you do that your slumber will be long in coming, and it will not be so peaceful as that of the man who gets to sleep as soon as he is in bed.

As for diet, eat lots. Meat, if you can digest it easily, should be on your menu twice a day. Drink plenty of milk, and an occasional glass of good stout. If you are to get fit you must have something to build upon.

Finally, cheer up. Don't worry, for that will keep any man down. Make up your mind to be well, and you will do it. Buck up!

E. L. Robertson, M.B., Ch.M.

## ONE OR TWO?

Mr. Murgatroyd was dining at the house of a friend, and the wine was very red, and Mr. Murgatroyd looked upon it. He did more, he drank too much of it, and when at length he rose from the table he felt a strong inclination to flop into the fireplace.

Steadying himself by resting his hand on the shoulder of a friend, however, he finally succeeded in reaching the drawing-room where the ladies were awaiting the coming of the gentlemen.

Now it happened that his hostess had recently presented her lord and master with twins, and, yielding to the request of her lady friends, she had ordered the nurse to bring them down. The little things were just about to be carried back on their pillow to the nursery when the gentlemen entered. Somebody out of courtesy suggested that they also should have a peep at the twins, and so the little mites were carried round for inspection.

Unfortunately Murgatroyd was the first to view them. He looked at them intently but, knowing his present condition, and having seen things double before, he exercised a caution that would have been worthy of a Scotchman.

"What a beautiful child!" he said, and the nurse passed on.

## WHERE HE KEPT THEM.

"Boy," said the clergyman, as he encountered the urchin sitting on the river bank one Sunday afternoon, "don't you know it's wrong to fish on Sunday?"

"Um," mumbled the urchin.

"Boy," said the clergyman, "what would your father say?"

"Um," again mumbled the miniature knight of the rod.

"Boy," said the clergyman, "what have you got in your mouth?"

The urchin spluttered and spat.

"I had some worms for bait," he said, "but I've lost them now."

## HIS REQUEST.

He drew a chair near to hers in such an awkward manner that her heart began to beat wildly against her corsets.

"Miss Ermintrude," he said, "I have a question to ask you which I am almost afraid to put into words."

"I don't think you need be afraid," she replied demurely, looking in that half-surprised and half-coy manner which she had practised so assiduously at the looking-glass all the afternoon.

"My dear Miss Ermintrude," he continued, plucking up courage and drawing his chair nearer, while the young lady bit a hole in the corner of her handkerchief, "I wonder if I could persuade you——"

"I think you could almost persuade me to do anything," she replied, for she had been had so many times that she had no intention of letting this fish off the hook if a judicious use of the landing net would help matters.

"Well," he said, leaving his chair and seating himself beside her and taking her hand in his, "I wonder if you could persuade your brother Dick to join our football club?"

# INCONSIDERATE DOG-OWNERS.

*Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.*—Richard III.

This morning, in the course of a short walk in a London suburb, I was snapped, barked, and yapped at by dogs of various degree at least half-a-dozen times.

Now I hope I am not such a conceited ass as to imagine that any of my readers is going to shed tears over this information, and really it is not my intention to voice a personal grievance, but rather to call attention to a public nuisance.

To dispose of any suggestion that dogs instinctively know those who do not like them, I may say that I am a lover of dogs, and have kept them myself.

I would also point out that the dogs that interfered with the enjoyment of my "constitutional" were not stray curs; they had their owners with them, and some at least were dogs of pedigree.

The inconsiderate dog-owner is inconsiderate not only of his fellow-man, but of his dog.

That is the point: my sympathies are all with the spoilt dog, because he is rarely a happy animal, and his bad manners are not his fault.

He gets himself disliked and reviled, but, I repeat, the blame is properly on his master, not on him. It is natural in a puppy to make a nuisance of himself, but the wise master corrects him, and cures him of his "original sin."

The foolish and sentimental owner lets his puppy run riot, and then is surprised that both he and his dog are regarded with anything but affection. I do not know how matters are in other parts of the country, but I have no hesitation in saying that a Sunday morning or afternoon walk in any London suburb is made almost intolerable by crowds of ill-behaved dogs.

The day is made hideous with frantic whistlings for wilfully deaf pets, with futile feminine shriekings of "You bad dog, come here"; and with canine quarrels; passers-by are snapped at, even bitten; ladies and children are frightened, and, in all seriousness the legitimate enjoyment of the public is spoilt by the inconsiderate dog-owner.

I say none should take a dog into a public place, be it park, street, or public-house, unless he has the animal absolutely under control.

I say further that a man who owns an ill-behaved dog proclaims himself more than a bit of a "rotter." He is clearly indifferent to other people's comfort, and he is clearly a poor sort of fellow, because it is the dog, not he, that is master.

Then there is another point; if you don't train your dog up in the way he should go, you will pay the penalty in one way or another.

I have a friend who is mourning the loss of his favourite dog. This dog had got into the bad habit of flying at motor-cars, but my friend had had him so long, and he was such a pet, that he forbore to correct him, with the result that the dog flew at a motor once too often, was run over, and killed, and my friend knows that he has only himself to blame for the loss of his pet.

Personally I always look upon the notice, "No Dogs Allowed," as an insult to the friend of man. As a matter of fact, however, it is really a reflection on man in general, and inconsiderate dog owners in particular.

There are men who will bring ill-behaved dogs into billiard-rooms, where they must know their pets' antics will greatly annoy the players.

The greatest kindness you can show to a dog is to begin with him while he is a puppy as you mean to go on, and to teach implicit obedience young. First, make him understand that there are certain things he must not do—it is the stupidest of policies to thrash a dog unless he knows the why and the wherefore of his punishment—and then when he transgresses let your castigation be short, sharp, and effectual.

However, I am wandering into dog-training, and I merely sought to call attention to inconsiderate dog-owners.

Such people, I say, expose their own lack of breeding in the ill-manners of their pets.

J. B. Warter.

# Our Readers' Page.

## BUTTONS AND CLIPS.

The tailors have of late made an innovation which has caused me personally much inconvenience, and no doubt many others, who do not very carefully overhaul a new suit, have also suffered.

I was accustomed to an ordinary button at the top of the front of my trousers, sewn to the left hand side, and to all intents and purposes exactly like a braces button.

Nowadays I find the button sewn to the right hand side, and facing inwards, or worse still, a weird, new-fangled clip, which has no advantages over the button, and is always liable to go wrong.

The fact of the fastening being placed inside may be useful if the waistcoat is so short that it would otherwise show, but to the man whose suit fits properly it is mere vexation of spirit.

Moreover, I, like many other men, had been in the habit while shaving, and before putting my braces on, of hitching my trousers up by buttoning them across to the right hand brace button instead of the one in front.

If the modern man will only look out for these details and put his foot down, the tailors will soon realise the error of their ways.

## CHEAPER THAN GOLD TIPS.

No doubt you have often envied, as I have done, the man who can afford to use a gold-mounted amber cigarette holder, or to smoke gold-tipped cigarettes, but here is a tip which you will find quite as useful.

Take an ordinary wax match to light your cigarette with, but before doing so, smear with the hot wax the end which you are going to put in your mouth.

When you have given it a second to dry, you will have a neat tip to your cigarette which will prevent it sticking to your lips quite as effectively as a gold one, and avoids the unpleasant flabbiness induced by licking the paper.

There is no unpleasant taste or greasiness, as the diminutive quantity of wax is absorbed by the paper.

## THE LENGTH OF BRACES.

I have often noticed that many men seem never to make any alteration in the length of their braces.

The result is that one day they will appear with their trousers barely reaching their ankles, and the next with them flapping about their boots.

No two pairs of trousers, even if they are made by the same tailor, are exactly the same length after a few weeks' wear, so that the man who wishes to appear well-dressed must re-adjust his braces as often as he changes his suit.

Sometimes the same pair of trousers calls for a fresh adjustment, for instance a pair of flannels after a visit to the wash, which is sure to shorten them a little, and you would naturally wear your braces rather longer in fine weather than in wet, especially if, like so many men, you object to turning up the trousers at the ankle.

Another point which some men seem to forget to allow for is the stretching of elastic brace ends; after a time these add an inch to the total length.

## STORING UP ENERGY.

As an instructor of physical culture, I have always endeavoured to point out to pupils the enormous waste of nervous energy there is in doing everything in the American style, endeavouring to appear smart by rushing about, and straining every nerve and muscle over work which does not need anything like the amount of energy used.

Even when not exercising, most physical culturists have a habit of trying to show their friends how strong they are, and how much energy they have.

Now a man who is studying real physical culture will not waste his energy, but will learn to reserve it. When exercising he will only bring into play the particular muscle needed.

How often do we see a man who is doing a simple exercise, say for the biceps of the arm, strain every muscle, instead of allowing the other parts of the body to be in repose.

This constant strain will very soon give a man an unwarranted dislike for physical culture.

To prove my words I ask you to observe how any athlete who is training will reserve himself until the time comes when he needs all his power. A horse, for instance, which has to draw a cab, and so exert itself continually, very soon loses its beauty and power.

We often laugh at old people for being slow, but if we require to reach our allotted span of life—three score years and ten—we must reserve more of our energy. Whether in business or at our exercise we must only use the amount of nervous energy needful for the work in hand.

## 'WARE FAVOURITE PHRASES.

Almost every man has a favourite phrase, which he uses in season and out thereof. It is very difficult for him to run it to earth, for he is generally unconscious of using it excessively, but it wants extermination for it makes him ridiculous.

"I mean" is shoved into their conversation by many people just about as often as one would use a comma in writing. Sometimes they vary it by "I mean to say," which is just as absurd. If they mean to say something, why don't they say it and have done?

"Or something" is another useless but popular phrase. "I've got a sprained ankle or something," says the victim, "and I must get embrocation or something to rub it with."

It's not very difficult to stop these little catch-words when once you discover that you use them, but there is another type of phrase that is much harder to overcome. Constantly people are telling you things that don't demand a reply, or a question, but you feel you must say something to show that you are listening. The trouble is that each of us fixes on one of the possible phrases and uses it always to meet such exigencies.

"I saw a horse fall this morning," says someone. The reply will be "Really," "Indeed," "Fancy that, now," "So?" or "Is that a fact?" Each man keeps just one of these replies in stock, and when you tell him that your aged aunt is dead he trots out "Is that a fact?" as if it were a matter of supreme wonder.

I know one man who irritates me intensely. You remark that it's a fine day. "That's so," he replies. You say you think a certain club will win next Saturday's match. "That's so," says he. It's worse than "Really," because it gives you the impression that all your statements must be horribly obvious and unnecessary.

## A GUINEA FOR FIVE MINUTES' WORK.

Every week we give a guinea for the best paragraph that is sent in to us, and 5s. for every other used.

Send something with a bit of dash in it—not more than 250 words. We will polish it up if necessary.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Study the paragraphs which have won prizes in former weeks, if you want to know the sort of thing we want. Then write something fresh and original.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. J. Smurthwaite, 1, Angel Street, Sheffield, for "Storing Up Energy."

## DOG COLLARS.

There is a great deal in choosing a suitable collar for your dog. If you were getting one for yourself, you would not take anything that the shop assistant palmed off on you, neither will a good master when he is choosing one for his canine friend.

The ordinary flat collar half-an-inch or so wide is very liable to cut the hair of a terrier, and spoil his appearance, as well as being uncomfortable.

By far the best make of collar for a small dog is one which consists of a strap bent double and stitched so as to be tubular. This will not injure his neck, and will add greatly to his comfort. Its smartness is greatly increased, if it is studded with small nickel or brass nails.

For a large dog a brass collar is far the most becoming—especially for a brindle bull-dog, for it seems to match his colour.

It is better than nickel, which will soon get scratched and tarnished.

Such a collar is no doubt expensive, for it will cost about half-a-sovereign. But for those who have the money to spend, what better object can there be than the one article of clothing and adornment which their pal can wear?

## THIEVES.

When flowers are stolen from your front garden, all you can do is to watch patiently for the thief to return.

The suburban front garden has irresistible attractions for the flower thief. Often he is not content with the flowers, but will remove whole dozens of plants root and all, sometimes in broad daylight.

When, however—and it is a common experience with gardeners in certain localities—your shrubs are stolen, you may lay a trap for the thief by driving a stout peg into the ground close beside the shrub, and attaching it to a strong cord.

To the end of this cord you fix several large fish-hooks, and tie them lightly round the base of the shrub. The fate of the thief who grasps this shrub in the dusk will be both obvious and unpleasant.

## TALKING QUICKLY.

It is a useful faculty to acquire, that of talking quickly—by which I do not mean speaking so fast that no one can understand what you are saying. But the man who can put his thoughts into words with ease, and utter them fluently is at a great advantage in life.

The slow-talking man is usually a slow thinker, and is a very trying person to have to deal with. He will take twice as long telling you some story or transacting some bit of business, as is necessary, and if you are a quick thinker you will know exactly what he is going to say beforehand.

But he will only get annoyed with you if you try to help him out, and hurry things up a bit.

If you are a slow talker, practise, when you are alone or with a pal, putting your thoughts into words as quickly as you can.

You will come some croppers at first, no doubt, but you must not mind that, and if your pal is the right sort, he won't either.

Practise also to get your brain to work quickly. If you have a decision to make, say to yourself, "In half-a-minute I must have made up my mind." Then instead of staring blankly, as it were, at the problem, you will get into the habit of coming to some definite decision quickly, and if you have more time to spare, you can reconsider it.

The old wheeze for cultivating the power of observation is also a good means of acquiring a quick-working brain.

Study the articles in a shop window for a short time; then walk away, and see how many you can remember.

If you gradually decrease the time of looking at them, you will soon have a very fair mental picture of its contents after simply walking past the window, for your brain will assimilate the lot in a flash.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

# THE BLACK FOX.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Those who knew Gerald Parrington at St. Ermyn's College, Oxford, would tell you that he usually held far more honours in a game of Bridge than he ever gained in the Schools.

After he had been practically "sent down" for the enormity of making a public "book" on the City and Suburban, in the middle of St. Ermyn's quadrangle, I heard nothing of him for two years, although it was easy to follow the course things were taking with him by reading the racing returns in the *Sporting Life*, which recorded a succession of failures on the part of his home trained steeplechasers to finish in the first three in any race. His father, too, an old English squire of the right sort, had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds over a year, when Gerald Parrington sent me an invitation to spend a night, with a day's hunting to follow with his Hounds, adding that several old St. Ermyn's men, including my friend, Campion, were staying under his roof.

A palpitating long blue car with glaring hooded lights searching the gloom met me at the station of Stoke Felton, and a much liveried chauffeur steered me through darksome lanes to the Manor House lights glinting through the trees that edged the Drive.

Gerald greeted me effusively in the big reception hall, which was lavishly adorned with old hunting and shooting prints. But above all the trophies of the chase, the mask of the Black Fox that grinned from above the mantel was the most striking of all.

Old chums that I had not seen for two or three weary years pressed round me and I was back in the old days again. After dinner we sat round the great fire in the dining-room, humming the familiar songs and recalling the humorous incidents of the seemingly long ago.

"Yes, old friends are best!" said someone sentimentally. "Here's to your jolly good health, Jerry."

We drank it with "musical" honours. Gerald, who had replied to a similar toast frequently that day, rose a trifle unsteadily, and he was not precisely sober.

"Old friends?" he laughed, pointing to a walnut-wood cuckoo clock that stood on the mahogany sideboard. "Why, I'll bet any man in the room that before that cuckoo cuckoos twice—sounds like a catch-phrase, doesn't it?—thou shalt deny me thrice!"

"Bet you a bob we don't," said young Campion jocularly.

"Taken!" exclaimed the tall, fair-headed Gerald, raising his glass. "But here's luck to you all!"

Gerald, however, seemed averse to the game of cards, which was inevitably suggested by Ashley Craven.

"Oh, I always lose. I've got no luck," said Jerry. "In fact, our respected huntsman has informed me that the family will meet nothing but misfortune henceforth, for exterminating that black fox, and I'm hanged if he isn't right!"

I observed that I had seen a black fox in the hall.

"The poor old guv'nor came a cropper the day the brute was killed," Gerald explained slowly. "He remounted and rode on to the death—but he never went out again. Sure enough, Fortune's turned her back on the Parrington's since that day, and I don't suppose the Lady would smile on me if I played cards."

"Oh, you're superstitious in your old age, Jerry," Craven said, tauntingly; "and there wasn't a card trick or a game you didn't know at St. Ermyn's."

"Very well," said Gerald, laughing. "Your blood be on your own heads—I'll play!"

The cuckoo thrust his head out of the little walnut-wood doors that flew apart, and unobtrusively announced the midnight hour.

II.

Now the amount one can lose or win at any game of chance naturally depends on the stakes, and when gold enters in the currency, even the innocent "nap" loses some of its simplicity. Dame Fortune had positively grinned on Gerald during an hour and a-half's play, and with the time limit set at a quarter to the hour, we tried hard but in vain to get it back. It came to his last deal of the game.

The call went weakly round the table. "Nap!" exclaimed Gerald. He was fiddling with the cards and (oh, horror!) Campion and I plainly saw him clumsily produce the Ace of Hearts from somewhere, and eliminate another card from his hand. Campion looked confused but said nothing. Gerald led off with the ace, and his last card got easily home as the clock marked a quarter to two. He piled up the stakes and complaining of the heat, went out into the hall to cool.

"Great Scot! Did you see that?" Campion exclaimed as the door closed behind Parrington.

He picked up five cards at random and illustrated Gerald's bungling attempt to palm the ace.

"I always thought he was a dead sharp at St. Ermyn's!"

"We're his guests—we can say nothing."

"But he's no longer a friend of mine!"

"Nor mine!"—"Nor mine!"

Instantly, the little doors above the clock's dial flew open and the blue bird "cuckoo-ed" twice. The doors slapped back.

That solved the mystery immediately, bringing to my mind Gerald's remark of the evening and his little wager with Campion. I joyfully explained to the men whose serious looks now turned to pleased smiles.

"He's done us all!" Campion exclaimed. Never was a man more delighted to lose a wager. "But hang it we can't tell him we believed him a cheat. What fools we are!"

There was only one thing to do in the matter, and Campion did it.

"Hand over the massive sum of one shilling, my boy!" he said, as we joined Gerald in the brick tiled hall. "You may think that little joke of yours—when you pretended to palm that ace—deceived us, but it didn't. We weren't going to be caught like that."

I saw Gerald pale a little under the gaslight. "Oh, ho!" Campion went on, "the precious cuckoo has 'cuckoo-ed' twice, as you put it, and we've *not* denied you thrice!"

Gerald mechanically handed over the shilling, and blandly admitted himself beaten.

"Why, my dear chap, we know you're not capable of cheating, so you stood no chance that way!" Campion pocketed the shilling.

"Well, the Black Fox has brought me no bad luck to-night!" Gerald exclaimed, shaking his fist at the mask above the carved mantel.

He turned out the hall lights and we filed back down the corridor into the room.

I was the last of the line, and something made me turn my head. The moonlight, beaming through the fanlight, threw a square of pale light on the wall opposite, and completely framed the mask of the Black Fox that seemed to grin evilly around.

* * * * * * *

I was finishing a last cigar that night in my dressing-room, when a knock fell softly on my door. Gerald entered, his face a deadly white.

"Old man!" he said, "you didn't believe I cheated intentionally to-night?"

"Why, no!" I exclaimed, surprised. "Of course not."

"You must have noticed," he persisted, "that every time I dealt the cards I got a good hand. You know how fond I was of card tricks and palming at St. Ermyn's. I tell you, man, I'd *forgotten* about the idiotic bet over the cuckoo and——"

"Good Lord!" I broke in, "Jerry, you don't know what you're saying."

He disregarded me entirely.

"I've lost tons of money at racing this year—tons. Somehow everything has gone wrong since the day we killed that Black Fox. Well, the interest on a mortgage falls due in a few days. I wanted the money to make it up. Oh, I've got to confess it to someone, old man—I can't bear it alone! Some devil got into my brain. I've cheated—swindled the lot of you like a cad all night!"

III.

The four of us lounged down to a "dressing-gown breakfast," only to discover that Gerald had gone to stables early, and had already breakfasted—a thing which, some might have thought, did not display an abundance of courtesy on the part of our host. But I only hoped that he had taken my advice to let the matter of the card party drop, at least, until the day's hunting was over. With the sun streaming in the window, and the keen scented morning heralding early spring, no one could possibly have thanked him for upsetting the day's sport.

A diminutive groom conducted us down to the stables, where a man was engaged in preparing our mounts for us. Gerald had already gone on. Colin Campion was by far the best horseman, and he picked an upstanding chestnut, with a foam flecked mouth and wild eye, that none of us would have ridden for a king's ransom. The stableman highly recommended to me a "quiet" looking bay that belied his character by making a laudable attempt to unseat me ere we got out of the yard.

Soon, however, three of us were cantering as smoothly as might be expected with fresh young horses, in the wake of Campion, whose animal—one of Gerald's costly, but unsuccessful, steeplechasers—steadfastly refused to be anywhere but in front—a desire which he never evinced when carrying Gerald's money in addition to a professional jockey. It is horses that "go like a gale of wind" at home, and drop into a light breeze on the course that ruin their owners.

We met outside Stoke Felton Hall, where we exchanged the usual amenities with, and drank the cherry brandy of the ancient Sir Banbury Parkes, who, being set fast by gout, drove to the meet in a victoria, and excitedly chipped the paint from the vehicle with a thick stick when hounds were fairly on the move.

Gerald had been accorded the honour and the expenses of the M.F.H.-ship vice his late father, and when we observed the small field that turned out it suddenly struck the four of us that we were there as advertisements. Gerald, looking as if his heart was as light as a feather, early informed us that we were expected to do great things that day to stir the hearts of the languid young men of the county who drove to the Meet, and followed it on the road instead of subscribing to the depleted coffers of the Hunt.

We had drawn a couple of usually productive coverts before the music of the hounds sounded in the thicket at the back of the Manor House, followed by the tuneful cry of "Away! Gone away!" Gerald's mount, another faint-hearted

steeplechaser, darted off in company with Campion's horse, as if the flag had just fallen. The fox had broken quite on the far side, which necessitated a wide detour, but once fairly away it became a race between Campion and Gerald, such a race, in fact, that a temporary check almost let them over-ride the pack, amid howls from the "enthusiasts" on the road that bounded the stubble.

Soon, a leading hound gave tongue, and we were off again across a country that seemed to abound in blind ditches, and I experienced considerable surprise to find myself not far in the rear of the timber-topping Campion and Gerald.

On we rode, the pace getting hotter and hotter.

It was a steeplechase rather than a hunt. The two leaders were riding neck and neck, each determined to be first, while my "quiet" bay, now on its mettle, had entered into the spirit of the thing, and I was rapidly overhauling the two in front.

Gerald turned his head for an instant and looked back.

By the smile on his face as he saw me, and his cheery shout, I knew that all memory of the events of the previous night was effaced from his mind.

Our mounts began to show signs of flagging, but, with more spirit than they had ever exhibited on the race-course, the leaders kept up the pace.

My bay dropped behind.

The fox continued to lead us a merry dance in a semi-circular sweep that brought us back in hail of the road. Hounds were running strong, when Sir Banbury, forgetting his gout, rose in his victoria and gave vent to an unearthly yell which announced a view.

"He's a black 'un!" the old gentleman shouted in stentorian tones.

Then a marvellous thing befell. Were my eyes deceiving me, or was it truly the green jacketed huntsman at issue with the M.F.H. in open field? One could only expect the sky to fall after that! I saw them gesticulating angrily, and then, as he drew away from him, Gerald shouted:

"To h—— with you and your bally ill-omens!"

The huntsman pulled up his steaming horse short, and threw his horn on the ground without reserve. I heard him cursing the young Master for a "'eadstrong young hass," as I galloped by.

Ahead of me, laughingly challenging one another, Gerald and Campion were making a race of it again, with the hounds well in advance of the straggling field. A stiffish rise as we came into some open country tested the best of them, but nevertheless, Campion gained a slight lead, and managed luckily to clear a stiff brambled post and rail.

Gerald, however, followed him closely with determination in his eye, and riding as recklessly as if he expected his mount to take it in his stride.

Thwack! The horse caught his forelegs badly, and shot Gerald cleanly over his head, amid roars from the field. I selected an easier place, and landed safely with my horse. I turned round in the saddle to jeer at the unfortunate Gerald whom I expected to find brushing himself—but one cannot jeer at a man who lies flat on his face rigidly still. . . . The white-whiskered old hunting doctor, who reined up behind me, confirmed my suspicions. The young Master's hat was crushed in. His neck was broken!

From somewhere out in the void came the angered baying of the foiled hounds, where the Black Fox ran to earth.

* * * * * * *

On the fringe of the woods behind the Manor House of Stoke Felton there is a clump of undergrowth, and sometimes, at night, the startled rustics see a dark form slinking through the gloom. It is the last of the Black Fox litter that the Midshire F.H. hunt no more.

# ROCKERIES

FOR THE MAN WITH A GARDEN.

Nothing helps more to break up the depressing formality of the village garden than does a well arranged rockery. Unfortunately, however, the majority of rockeries with which one is acquainted are wrongly managed, and, instead of being banks of beauty, are merely heaps of barrenness.

The rockery should never be made up from clinkers from the gas works, for these have a bad effect on almost every kind of plant. Brick rubbish is very little better. The ideal is some kind of natural stone.

Let your rockery be well made up with large stones, so that the drainage will be good. Heap above this a layer of smaller stones, then a few inches of good dung and a few inches of earth, and finally the ornamental stones which are to serve you as rocks.

A few tree roots are a distinct acquisition. They can be obtained locally without much cost, and moss can soon grow upon them, giving them that appearance of hoariness which is so much desired. Here and there on these stumps you should excavate small holes into which you may introduce various climbing and creeping plants.

There are two distinct ways of treating a rockery—the artificial and the natural.

In the artificial style we make no attempt to copy nature, but simply use the rockery as a bank for flowers of all kinds. Indian creeper may be planted at the back to cover the wall behind, dwarf nasturtium will thrive admirably on the thin soil of the rockery itself, wall flowers and annual chrysanthemums may be used as a backing, and the lower part of the back may be covered with silene and cerastium.

The effect will be extremely pleasing, for flowers arranged on a bank in this manner are shown off to better effect than in a level border.

If your main object is to have a show of flowers on your rockery, then the artificial style is best.

If you make it a nature corner you may not be successful in transplanting wild flowers from their natural haunts, and even if you are, you will not be able to make much show through the summer when the primroses are over.

An "artificial" rockery can be covered much quicker, and with white arabis, and purple aubrietia or rock cress, which may well form the chief feature, you may produce a perfect blaze of colour in the later spring.

For those who prefer beauty of form to masses of colour, there are the smaller varieties of daffodil—those tiny species, for example, that are found in the Pyrenees—or the numerous Alpine plants, gentians, edelweiss and so on.

The so-called natural rockery is a reproduction of such a bank as one might find in Devonshire, if all the beautiful wild flowers were grouped together on the space of a few yards. At one of the upper corners you will want a bush of flowering broom; at the other a wild dog rose.

Here and there you will have clumps of ferns, choosing hart's tongue and the rarer varieties, and leaving the bracken alone. In another spot will be a small bush of heather.

The surface of the rockery itself will be covered with moss, primroses, violets and wood anemones, and a touch of colour may be introduced by planting a few wild cornflowers and red poppies, and a specimen or two of the stately foxglove. In such a rockery the main object is to have not one single flower which might not be growing there if the bank were in the wild state.

GERALD MARTIN.

# SPOTTING PEOPLE.

## AND THE KNACK OF IT.

Are you gifted with a memory for faces? Or are you one of those luckless people who are continually meeting a man and saying to themselves, "Now where have I seen that fellow before?"

To be able to spot people is one of the most useful gifts a man can have. If, when you come across a man whose face is familiar to you, you can remember where you have met him before, you may start with a very fair key to his character, which may be useful in any subsequent dealings you may have with him.

It is a gift, however, that you can to some extent cultivate, if you will take the trouble to develop your powers of observation.

Few things add so much to the popularity of a man as the ability to greet by name an acquaintance whom he has only met once before. No one likes to be addressed as "Mr.—Er—"

It sounds like a slight.

With a very slight mental effort it is possible to impress the general appearance of a chance acquaintance or a fellow passenger upon your memory, so that you will know him when you see him again.

But don't scrutinise him offensively, or still worse, let him see that you are doing it surreptitiously. Besides being rude, it will make him think you are a private detective, and with a wholesome loathing for that objectionable class he will avoid you like poison.

Men of certain occupations acquire an extraordinary faculty for remembering names and faces; for instance, a college porter will never forget a man's name from the first day he comes into residence, and he may pay a visit to his old university twenty or thirty years afterwards, and yet, if his old friend the porter is still alive and on duty, he may be sure of at least one cheery welcome.

I remember once, during a paternal visit to me at school, hearing the old School Marshal—an official a little lower than the masters, but as much superior to the ordinary school porter—without hesitation name my father, who had been a boy in the school full thirty years before. He also claimed to have recognised me from my likeness to him, but that may have been merely a little added colour.

Again, I have not the slightest doubt that the man who whisks me up to my office in the lift every morning would know me again, wherever he met me, but I should not know him from Adam, unless he was in uniform—and perhaps not then.

The policeman is another whose job necessitates his cultivating a memory for faces. If he is any good, not only does your physiognomy tell him the approximate degree of criminality which you have reached, but he can spot you again when you are detained at the police-station awaiting identification.

It is part of his profession, so one might expect him to have trained himself to spot people.

But could *you* spot *him*? Would you know again the policeman whom you casually pass in the street, and perhaps nod "good-night" to? I doubt it.

If you met him in mufti the chances of your doing so would be practically nil. Nothing changes a man so much as a uniform, and the man whom you may know almost intimately in uniform you are quite likely to pass by as an utter stranger when he is in ordinary, everyday attire.

If you want to know something of a man's character, history and position in the world, you must direct your attention to his head, hands, and feet. His boots will tell you more than you imagine. It is here that poverty is most often betrayed, for they cannot be faked. Even the detective rarely discards the official "bobbies'" boots.

But if you merely want to know a man again, burn his face into your memory. Then when the second meeting occurs, you will not be disappointed.

ALAN HAMER.

# Revival of Duelling

*An article of special interest in view of the challenge which has been issue by the Legion of Frontiersmen to Mr. H. Gray-Read, and which he promptly [illegible] At the time of going to press they have not [illegible] him further.]*

Why should not duelling be revived? I argue that it would serve many useful purposes; it did once.

What killed duelling? Not the law, for it existed in spite of the law. Duelling died because public opinion was against it. And it fell into public disfavour not because men at large disapproved of a man being entitled to demand "satisfaction" when grievous wrong had been done him, or serious affront put upon his honour, but because duelling was carried to excess.

Men were compelled to fight for their lives over the veriest trifles—an accidental jostling in a crowd, a cross word, a look when the wine was in the wit, the cut of a coat, or the [illegible] of a lady's smile. Duelling was reduced to a highly dangerous one.

It is good that that sort of thing should be driven. But perhaps it was bad that duelling should have been stopped altogether.

### WHAT A MAN CAN DO NOW.

What happens now when a man's honour is wronged? He can either indulge in a vulgar brawl with his enemy, or he can go to the courts and wash his dirty linen in public. Neither alternative is to the liking of a gentleman.

Moreover, there are some offences for which horsewhipping is quite inadequate.

Against "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord," may be quoted "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." However, I am not going into the moral aspect of duelling.

The desire to exact physical punishment for wrong is a natural instinct with any man [illegible] and that in forbidding men to settle their quarrels by personal encounter we are [illegible] flying in the face of nature.

Many judges and magistrates have often deplored the decay of the good old English custom which allowed men who have quarrelled "having it out" with their fists.

The instinct to fight when wronged is, I think, a natural and manly one, and we make a mistake in repressing it.

Duels, however, are for the common man, to be fought by sword or pistol for the gentleman—at least, that was the time-honoured usage, whether the sword or the pistol were, and [illegible] the recognised weapons of the man.

### WHO SHOULD HAVE SATISFACTION.

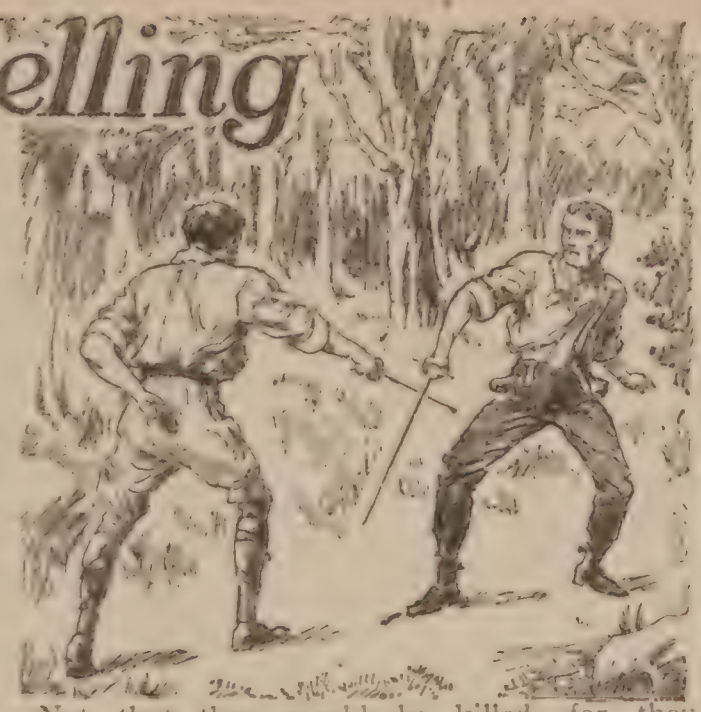
There are some offences which from a man of honour's point of view can only be washed in blood. Therefore to meet such cases I would have duelling be revived under conditions which would preclude its abuse. Let Courts of Honour be established to decide when a man has the right to demand "satisfaction," which must be legally countenanced, as it would be by public opinion.

There is something in the argument that in this way the wronged man who is a bad shot—the "duffer" husband who could not hit a fencer or practised shot.

But all that is that a man should be allowed to defend his honour according to the usages of his time. If in the 18th century a gentleman could not use sword or pistol he had only himself to blame.

Every man may not be able to become a first-class swordsman, but every man, assuming his physique is normal, can make himself a good shot.

Under my idea, Courts of Honour would arrange the terms of a duel that neither combatant would have an obviously unfair advantage. Then, I am sure—if duelling were revived under these conditions, there would be a great decrease in the number of cads and bounders who pose as gentlemen.



Not that they would be killed, for they wouldn't have the pluck to fight; but, shown up in their true colours, they would quickly be kicked out of decent society for the skunks and poltroons they are.

We put money before honour nowadays, with the result that oily beasts who in former days would have been relegated to the refuse tubs from which they originally sprung, are now permitted to rub shoulders with ladies and gentlemen, and secure in the power of their money and the absence of any real means of bringing them to book these filthy swine pursue their evil way, preying on women, robbing the weak and helpless, outraging every canon of manhood.

### COWARDS, BULLIES AND BRAGGARTS.

Revive duelling and these social hogs would slink back to their troughs, and English society would be a great deal cleaner than it now is.

Nor would the duel always mean bloodshed. It would rather be a restraining influence—a dog that could bite when necessary, and one that would consequently be respected.

If duelling were legalised and accepted once more as a national institution, we should hear less of the bully, for the very fact that he knew he would have to answer at the sword's point any insult he levelled at an inoffensive person, would make him cautious. The blustering braggart also would disappear, for he would quickly learn that threats could not be made with impunity.

There were grave abuses about duelling, but these could be remedied. Anyway, the duel was a test of personal courage, the quality most distinctive of the true gentlemen, the trait most conspicuous by its absence in the real cad, whatever his nominal position in life.

H. Pulteney.

## BOTH HONEST.

The late Lord Hopetoun, or as he became later the Marquis of Linlithgow, had many treasures, but none he prized so much as an old leather-covered volume. This was once the cash-book used by John Hope, the founder of the family, when he began business in the High Street of Edinburgh over two hundred years ago.

Not very long ago a certain well-known financier, about whose rise to wealth, and the methods thereof, much that is interesting might be written, was inspecting his lordship's library at his country seat. As usual, Lord Hopetoun trotted out the old ledger as his dearest heirloom.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the financier, when he had heard its story. "I shouldn't be so proud of it if I were you, Hopetoun, old man. For my part I do my utmost to conceal the fact that I made my money in trade. I'd never have dreamt that your family was in the same box unless you'd told me."

"Well," replied Lord Hopetoun drily, "it's not the book I take so much pride in as the inscription John Hope wrote on the first page. Read it."

Opening the book, the financier read: "O Lord, keep me and this buik honest."

## CAMERA CASH.

### SHOWING HOW PHOTOGRAPHY MAY BE MADE A SPORT AND A PAYING ONE.

"Yes, they are very nice photos, but photography is too expensive a hobby for me."

This is the general impression about photography as a hobby, but it is not so, as I can testify from personal experience; any average amateur can make his hobby pay, and pay well.

I had £5 capital, and first I bought a good camera. I could not, of course, go in for a Zeiss or Goerz lens, but I paid £3 12s. 6d. for a ¼-plate, rack-focussing camera. If I were choosing now I should pay 10s. or so more, and get a 5 x 4 camera, as with this size one can cover a post card with one's photo, and there is no doubt that post-card photography is the most popular. As I intended taking portraits as well as views, I bought a clean second-hand background, quite plain, and with one side dark and the other light, for 4s. 6d.

I live in a garrison town, and at the sea, and these two factors help my income very considerably. In the winter, when trade is usually dull, I seize the opportunity of every gale to get snaps of rough seas. It is marvellous how these sell, when put on post cards. I sell them to local dealers at 1s. 6d. a dozen, making a profit of 8d. a dozen.

Then I get half a dozen negatives each winter accepted by some large post-card firm, at 5s. each, for the "right to reproduce."

During last winter only I made £7 profit out of my rough-sea pictures, besides a great deal of good sport in clambering among the rocks with a friend to get them.

There are many amateurs who go to other towns to look for novelties, while they are blissfully ignorant of the beauties of their own town.

Have a look round and see what you can find; surely there's some leaning house, famous tree, or monument? Then take it, but be careful not to take it from the same point that other people have done, even if you have to do a little trespassing to cut out your rivals.

When you have got this view, you can sell it readily amongst local retailers. I have one view of a certain church that no one else in the town has, and everyone wonders "where I got it from"; but that is my business.

Originality has always been my motto in taking photos; if I see a view always taken in spring and summer, I take good care to take it in autumn and winter; if the object is generally taken from the east, I take it from the north-west.

There was a wreck along the coast a few weeks back, and I started on a bicycle at 5.30 a.m. armed with a dozen plates. I took the whole dozen from different standpoints and with different exposures. Eight were splendid negatives. Four I sold at 10s. each to newspapers, one to a small photographer in the town, and three I kept for myself. I printed about 350 post cards from these, and sold them all within five days, and I have sold a good many dozen since.

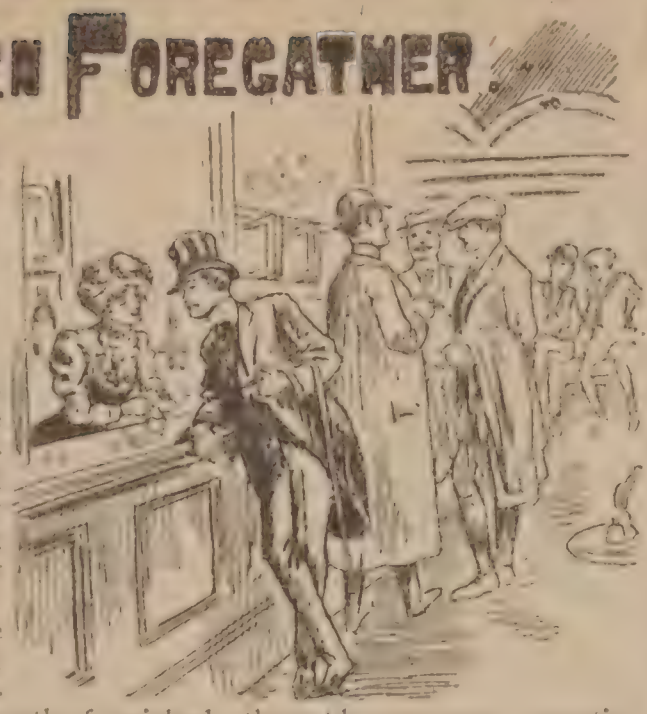
When your prints are finished never put them in slip-in mounts; that will cause them to be called "amateurish" at once. Mount them on good plain mounts with a reliable mountant, or starch.

Don't start photography with a film camera; you are almost certain to be disappointed. Films are light, and can generally be loaded in daylight, but these are their only advantages over plates. The expense is as great, if not greater, and the results not as good.

I have always found, in buying any photographic materials, that the small shop is preferable to the large one. The small dealer wants to make you his regular customer, while the large dealer or "stores" will try, as a rule, to force one firm's goods down your throat, and will fill his window with some large and much-advertised firm's cameras and accessories, and no one else's. In this case, avoid this shop, and patronise the small man, who will generally do anything in his power to help and oblige you.

T. Handley.

# Where Men Foregather.



*To my mind, sir, the company is always more important than the menu.*—Johnson.

## I. THE SALOON BAR.

It is not a gin-palace, not one of these flaunting, flaring places, where they charge you an exorbitant price for bad liquor, and seem to say to you, drink up, and keep on drinking up, or get out.

No, the hostelry I have in mind is tucked away in a side street; it is comfortably, but not extravagantly furnished; there are chairs and papers, and you may sit and read for an hour or more over a single glass of whisky or ale, and none behind the bar will look askance at you.

The landlord is a sportsman, a perfervid angler, and stuffed trophies of his prowess adorn the walls. If you are a fisherman, he will talk fishing with you all day long.

It is all very comfortable and quiet. The men who come there are mostly regular customers, though now and then a stray passer-by drops in—often to become a "regular."

A rare place for the study of human nature. That young chap, lolling over the bar, and talking so earnestly to Hebe, what do you make of him? A trifle raffish, isn't he? Could do with a little more chin, couldn't he? Not a bad-looking youngster, but his eye might be clearer, his hand steadier.

**PLAYING WITH FIRE.**

What is he doing here? He is drinking whisky, but it is obvious that he does not really enjoy it. He gulps and coughs over it, he had much rather have a glass of bitter ale.

Why, then, does he drink whisky, why, indeed, is he in the place at all? Partly, because he thinks he is doing something "fast," for there is a certain wickedness about whisky, partly for the "attraction" behind the bar.

Silly boy, in worldly experience she is old enough to be your mother, and she is engaged to be married to a highly respectable pork butcher.

You won't come to any harm with her, and she certainly won't come to any harm with you, and if it pleases you to think that the swallowing of many "Scotches," the surreptitious squeezing of Hebe's fingers, perhaps even a hastily snatched kiss is "seeing life," that it makes you "no end of a dog," be happy in the delusion.

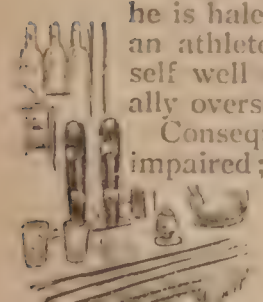
But take care, my lad, take care. It is very easy to acquire the habit of "nipping," it is damnably hard to get rid of it, once it is formed.

**THEN AND NOW.**

Look across to the other end of the bar, and see what you may become. That dreadful spectre was a gay, young chap like you once. A bit of a sportsman, fond of open air life, until just like you because he thought it was "manly" he got into the habit of dropping into the Saloon Bar.

Look at him now. His trembling fingers can scarce carry the glass to his lips, he empties the glass at a gulp, and shakily pushes it forward to be replenished, a travesty of a man.

"A pint of bitter, please, miss, and a biscuit and cheese." The speaker is a ruddy-faced man, sixty years of age at least, possibly more. But he is hale and hearty, he can enjoy his beer like an athlete of twenty-one. He has "done himself well all his life," but he has never habitually overstepped the mark.



Consequently his powers of enjoyment are unimpaired; his beer does him good; he is a man gratifying a legitimate appetite.

The pallid wreck in the corner ministers to a diseased craving and suffers the torments of the damned for his pains.

Snatches of talk reach one, as one sits in a secluded corner. Here is a party of journalists, laughing, chattering, talking "shop," as journalists will talk "shop," for the most part, good-natured, devil-may-care fellows, accustomed and indifferent to the sudden and violent changes in their positions which are characteristic of modern journalism.

There are a couple of horsey-men, secretive, low-voiced after the manner of their kind. Here is Mr. Plausible trying vainly to get the better of Mr. Common Sense.

There a swaggering, blatant, over-dressed fellow, leering at the barmaid; ostentatiously flashing a diamond ring, a stranger and an unwelcome one.

**THE OLD READER.**

That quiet old chap in the skull cap is a British Museum reader, an industrious mite burrowing ever in the cheeses of antiquity, an ill-paid hack, yet a gentleman and a scholar. What brought him down? Drink? Oh, no. He is moderate almost to abstemiousness.

A false wife, a treacherous friend, there you have the tragedy of his life. It broke him up, he just ceased to struggle, and now his day's drudgery over he creeps in to the warmth and lights of the Saloon Bar.

"A glass of port wine, please." Poor soiled dove of the streets, smiling with pitiful pretence of coquetry at your temporary lord and master. Faugh, for once the Saloon Bar has become distasteful to me, and I slip out into the street and a purer air.

Peter Gilchrist.

### SINFUL SAMPLERS.

"Sample fiends are a perfect curse in my line of business," said a tobacconist. "One of the tribe will drop into my shop and ask if I can recommend a certain mixture or a certain brand of cigarettes. Generally he mentions a kind that is sold loose, as he knows I wouldn't be likely to spoil a whole packet on his behalf.

"Of course I tell him the stuff he asks about is first-rate, as I must neglect no chance of increasing my business. With all my arguments, however, he still appears unconvinced, so as a last device I ask him to try a sample.

"He lights the cigarette I give him, or fills his pipe from the tin I hand him. Then he tells me he will call again and let me know his verdict. But the chances are I never see him again. It's a risk we have to take, as there is no way of knowing whether he is a sample fiend or a prospective customer. The giving away of such free smokes runs me into several pounds in the course of a year."

"Bless yer 'eart," said a gutter fruit merchant to whom the investigator next applied, "some folks would take away my 'ole stock in free samples, if I didn't keep my eyes peeled.

"Usually they go for dates, nuts or some of the smaller kinds of fruit, but sometimes they spin me a yarn about wanting fourteen pounds of apples provided they're sweet. You can't say if they mean business or not and you hand them an apple to try. If it's a sample fiend you've got, he'll eat it up, and then make a wry face and tell you it's sour enough to make acid drops with. They're worse than them that pinches things, for you can't 'and them over to the police, though they do about as much damage to your stock as the more straightforward kind of thief does."

The sample fiend is a product of the times and a most objectionable one.

## CHUMS.

*To have the greatest blessing, a true friend.*—Masse

The value of a good chum, like that of a woman, is above rubies.

It is not merely that in a chum you [illegible] pleasant companion and a loyal friend; chumship leads to more than that.

It means for you a widening of your outlook, a broadening of your character and intelligence, a quickening of your intelligence, for two minds are like two diamonds in contact, the one polishing and rubbing the "corners" off the other.

Chumship, it is true, is often founded on community of tastes, but even then, on the principle that two heads are better than one, chums find fresh interests, new ideas, new zest in their favourite pursuits, because they share them with each other.

Chums, however, are just as frequently absolutely opposed in character, temperament, habits, and tastes.

In regard to character some modification of my assertion is necessary. You will never find an honourable man chums with a [illegible] one. On the other hand, one chum may be the other timid, one self-reliant, the other vacillating, one [illegible], the other quiet and studious, one hot-tempered, the other [illegible], one a man of action, the other a dreamer.

Like attracts like, it is said, but undoubtedly opposites are often closely drawn together, the strong and the weak are often found in close junction as chums, the former because the weakness of his friend appeals to him, the latter because he admires his chum's strength.

Then when chums have different pursuits, as they often have, each awakens new interests in the other and saves him from getting into a groove. You, perhaps, are not very much interested in fishing, but your chum is, and you feel it your duty to lend him what assistance you can, and very probably end by becoming a keen angler yourself. He does not share your passion for photography, but he helps you with your camera, your dark room, your chemicals and [illegible] on, and allows you to produce photographic libels of himself.

Then you are never at a loss for something to talk about. He has had a great day with the trout, you have carried your bat for 50, and each is honestly delighted 'in the other's success.

To have a real chum takes you out of yourself, and prevents your becoming self-centred.

A chum helps you out of many difficulties. I do not mean merely in the way of sharing your purse with you.

Perhaps you are inclined to be lazy. You know you ought to take exercise, but left to yourself you would probably shirk it. Then comes your chum: "Come on, old chap!" he cries. "We'll take a ten mile spin to such-and-such place," or "Into your flannels! We'll have half-an-hour at the nets," and so on. Alone, the exercise would be a weary grind, with your chum it becomes a pleasure.

And chums help each other in graver matters. There are many problems which vex and perplex a man. Left to himself he would brood over them and become morbid, but possessed of a chum he thrashes them out with him.

Chumship belongs to school and college days, afterwards it degrades into friendship. Ladies are having things all their own way. There is scarcely a manly pursuit that they do not follow; they are gradually approximating in physique; they encroach upon his own peculiar domain at every point.

But there is one thing that women cannot know, that they are constitutionally, physically, mentally and morally incapable of, and that is friendship as men understand it.

David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley—no two women were ever capable of such friendship as these, and chumship is the foundation of the most beautiful thing on earth—friendship between two men.

E. Wilson Davis

# Scoundrels Three

A Detective Story.

By Adam Steele.

I.

Mr. Mason Wragg, [illegible] of old-fashioned courtesy to [illegible] and a gentleman with the least [illegible] manner, sat down in [illegible] picked up a [illegible] and began to open the morning letters. [illegible] one of the envelopes [illegible] and [illegible] With his silk hat tilted [illegible] forehead, [illegible] a tuneless whistle proceeding from his [illegible] lips he went through them rapidly. For [illegible] time there was no sound but this, and the tear [illegible] and rustling of papers.

Then the paper-knife clattered on the flat desk, and he was silent. Mechanically his hand went to a breast pocket and brought out a handkerchief, with which he wiped his forehead and his hands.

He stared again at the handwriting on the envelope he had [illegible] pressed an electric bell fixed beneath the desk.

"Send Mr. Strang in at once," he said to the boy who answered the summons.

Presently an oldish man with iron-grey hair and a tooth-brush moustache came in. His face was bony, the jaw square, and he had thin lips, and hard, restless blue eyes.

"Shut the door, Strang. Now, sit down."

Strang [illegible] himself opposite in silence, his glance roved from Mr. Wragg to the of papers on the desk.

There was no surprise in his expression. Mr. Wragg mopped his face again. It was usually a sleek, clean-shaven face, with a wide, benignant mouth, and eyebrows arched suavely over dull black eyes which revealed nothing of his thoughts, but just now it was loose and shiny, like the [illegible] of suet.

"Volte [illegible] said Strang.

"Once again," said Wragg heavily.

"How much this time?"

"I don't know. I haven't read it yet."

Strang got up quietly, went over to a cabinet, and brought out a bottle of brandy. Mr. Wragg drank greedily.

"Now; open it!" commanded Strang sharply.

It was evident that he preferred knowledge to suspense. With clumsy fingers Mr. Wragg drew out a letter and [illegible] it.

"He's [illegible]," he said, in a still voice.

Strang [illegible] involuntarily and took it from him. The letter ran:

"Mason Wragg,—I have a promising business which you will be delighted to invest five thousand pounds. I shall call to-morrow at twelve sharp, and you might endeavour to have the [illegible] handy. Bank-notes; not please.

JAN VOLTE.

"He's always polite," commented Strang, "and non-committal."

Mr. Wragg made no reply. Then, suddenly, he rose in his chair, struck his clenched [illegible] and let them slowly on the desk.

"I must have him [illegible]" he cried, in the shrill voice of [illegible]

Strang put the letter down and looked through [illegible] eyes.

"Well?" he asked.

"Pay, I suppose," said Wragg sullenly.

Strang brought the tips of his fingers together and leaned back.

"For two years," he said. "I thought we'd [illegible] of him, or that he was dead."

"Rid of him? We shall never get rid of him. As the dead, he'll outlive both of us, never you fear. What in the fiend's name does he do with all the money? It was the same figure last time. Fourteen thousand he's had in the last five years. But he shall have no more of mine!"

Mr. Wragg got up, and began to stride up and down the office. At length he came to a halt near Strang and looked down at him with an ugly expression.

"You as well!" he said. "I've had enough of you."

Strang examined his hands minutely, as if they were something he had never seen before.

"Don't be a fool!" he said.

"I've had enough, I tell you! I'm bled dry. Why should I pay you a hundred and twenty a month to do nothing?"

It was the bullying of weakness, and Strang knew it.

"I'm your head clerk, spy, and general sweep, that's why. And I've had enough!" he replied, with quick savagery.

Mr. Wragg placed his hands on the desk, stooped, and thrust his head forward.

"You," he said in a low voice. "Do you know what I've a good mind to do to you?"

Strang said nothing.

"Shoot you like a dog, Strang." He straightened and gave a laugh. "You were always the dog, you know, so it would be a fit ending."

"And Volte?" inquired Strang, upon whom the outburst had made not the least impression. "Are you going to treat him the same?"

"Ah, Volte!" Wragg went quiet. After all, it was not Strang that mattered.

"Do you know, Wragg," said Strang, drawing lines on the blotting-pad with his pencil, "I've been wondering lately whether I could manage to get back to England. If I could see the way clear I'd chuck this and quit."

The other walked back to his chair and sat down, watching intently.

But Strang went on drawing lines, as if he had finished what he had to say.

"It isn't the money," said Wragg abruptly. "It's the fear."

Strang knew he was referring to Volte, but he said nothing.

"It's the fear of what he's going to do next," Wragg went on. "He's got such a queer make-up; any day it might appeal to his peculiar sense of humour to bring me——" His voice faltered.

"Where you brought him; right down," interjected Strang, with the suspicion of a sneer. "It's right enough. He's never forgiven you for making a blackguard of him."

"Pah! he'd have been one any way," snarled Wragg.

"Maybe," said Strang calmly, "but you can't expect him to believe that."

Wragg leaned forward, his dull eyes suspicious.

"What are you driving at? Do you side with Volte?"

His companion put his head on one side and studied the pattern he had just drawn.

"There's only one man on this earth that I side with, and that's myself," he said slowly.

It almost seemed that he was waiting for something.

"And I suppose," interjected Wragg, "if anything happened to me it would prove inconvenient; eh?"

"You pay me," was the laconic reply.

"And you think Volte may drive me some day to commit suicide; is that it?" There was dread in his voice.

"Yes."

Mr. Wragg rose violently. "I'll see him——"

"So I should," interrupted Strang significantly.

Mr. Wragg started.

"Volte is the surest shot in South Africa to-day," observed Strang, as if conveying some interesting information.

"Yes——?"

"But it's the first shot that counts, and—I don't often miss."

"Yes——?"

Strang looked up suddenly, with gleaming eyes.

"How much?" he said.

"Ten thousand pounds in cash to-day if—if it's an accident," said Wragg, rather huskily.

"It will be self-defence," said Strang. "He's always armed, and that's sufficient excuse."

II.

At one minute to twelve Jan Volte presented his card at Mr. Mason Wragg's counting-house, and as noon struck he stood in the doorway of that gentleman's private office with a hand in each coat pocket, and bowed pleasantly.

He was a tall, slender man, with a gentle mouth and tired eyes.

"Punctual as usual, you see," he said, closing the door. "You're looking well, Wragg. No, thanks."

Mr. Wragg had risen and advanced his hand. Volte smiled.

"Those formalities are superfluous between friends, aren't they? Hello, Strang! Since when have you been promoted to a seat in the governor's office? You look well, too; but still the same hunted look, I see, as if a nigger who'd lost the daughter he was fond of were hot on your trail."

"Get to business," said Wragg. He was shaking, as if the very sight of Volte had destroyed his nerve.

"Certainly. Actually that's what I'm here for, isn't it, now that you mention it. Well, I've a little explanation to make first. No; stay where you are, Strang. I'm quite comfortable here."

Strang swung gently from side to side in his revolving chair. He was white; white with rage or agitation, or perhaps both.

Volte reclined against the door and smiled.

"Now," he began, easily. "I've got some bad news for you, Wragg. I'm afraid you'll have to find another agent to manage your benevolent affairs in Europe——"

"Drop those mountebank speeches," said Wragg; "you're no agent of mine. What have you come to South Africa for?"

"You shall hear presently. Sit still, Strang. That restlessness fidgets me."

Strang looked at him with cold hatred—and obeyed.

"The bad news is," continued Volte, "that I am going to turn honest man. I call it bad, because all my honest acquaintances tell me it's a most expensive recreation. But that's not altogether the point. Pardon my diffuseness, won't you? No, I'm out here on a philanthropic undertaking. A friend of mine in London has commissioned me to write a book on my experiences in the diamond fields; you know, when illicit diamond buying was a genteel profession."

"Bah!" said Wragg, with the anger of fear. "You can't bring I.D.B. home to me."

"And," continued Volte, as if he had not spoken, "it's to be daringly frank. Quite a lot of respectable people will figure in it. I propose, too, to introduce one or two descriptions of the unfortunate accidents that happened to niggers when they were stealing back home at night after making the best bargain they could for what they had managed to conceal during business hours. Things were slack in those days, Strang, weren't they?"

Wragg glanced across the desk as if afraid that the taunt would draw Strang, but he was staring steadily at his boots. It might have been that he was anxious to hide the expression on his face.

Volte resumed, in the same silky voice: "But my memory has gone a little, and I thought you,

and perhaps Strang, might be able to refresh it here and there, besides having the pleasure of financing such a laudable enterprise."

He paused, and smiled into Wragg's dull eyes.

"You're a liar," said Wragg, without heat.

Volte seemed pained at his incredulity.

"And a fiend as well," Wragg went on. "You delight more in persecuting and intimidating me than getting the money."

"Every man has to pay, in the dearest coin," said Volte, and for a moment his impassive face looked dreadful, as if with the remembrance of what this man had brought him to. But it cleared, and he glanced up at the clock.

"Come!" he said tersely. "I am returning on the one-fifteen."

There was a minute's unbroken silence.

"I have a receipt here," began Wragg, picking up a paper.

"No receipts!" said Volte promptly. "The notes, please."

Eyes telegraphed across the desk, and then Wragg picked up a bundle of notes and began counting them with fumbling fingers.

"Here you are," he muttered. "I think you'll find them right."

His hand proffered them, but he didn't look up; and almost as if he had found danger Volte became alert. He took a step forward, and another would have brought him broadside to Strang. Then he swung round like lightning.

"Strang!" he exclaimed sharply. "Take that hand from your breast pocket."

The hand inside the coat came away, but a Deringer with it, and Strang fired, then threw himself face downwards on the floor.

Wragg tugged open the drawer level with his waist, found something, and blazed wildly. Instantaneously, there was another report, and he writhed upwards in his chair and fell sideways coughing. Volte had shot him from his pocket.

He was breathing quickly and his eyes were aflame. He withdrew his revolver and as Strang lifted a terror-stricken face he crashed a bullet into it with an oath.

Several clerks came running in.

"Send for the police," said Volte shortly, with a handkerchief to his head.

He sat on the desk and smoked cigarettes till they arrived.

"That man shot first," he said, indicating Strang with a foot. "The bullet's somewhere in the wall over there. It grazed my temple. You'll find that Mr. Wragg also made a friendly attempt, for one chamber of his revolver is empty, and it's unusual to shoot after one is dead. Yes, I'll go with you, for formality's sake."

## THE FEET IN BOXING.

Every good boxer would made a smart step-dancer if he set his mind to it, for he has the knack—whether it was born with him or whether he acquired it—of lifting his feet quickly and of resting on his legs lightly and with admirable and perfect balance.

So essential for success with the gloves is this faculty of having complete command of the feet, that a famous boxer recently confessed that, though he had never kicked an adversary, yet he might reasonably say that he boxed with his feet.

He is a lightweight, and it is his nimbleness of movement that takes him away from the blows of his heavier opponent, and helps him to tire the latter out.

The man who cannot move lightly soon gets knocked out, and in a friendly spar he loses half of the fun and exercise of it.

The secret is to let your weight be evenly disposed between your two feet, and to keep moving. As soon as you stand still you are giving your adversary double chances.

Above all, don't let your legs get crossed; if you do, the slightest tap will send you spinning. And don't get one foot too far in front of the other, for that prevents you from stepping in or retreating smartly.

# FULL-BLOODEDNESS

*Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs and men.—*

Thackeray.

It is a mistake to suppose that a full-blooded man is necessarily a boisterous or coarse man. There are gross, animal men whom many people would describe as full-blooded, but that probably is something of a misnomer. Harking back to the original sense of the term, such men are not so much full-blooded as common-blooded.

Your true full-blooded man, on the other hand, is usually of good blood—mixed blood, may be, but good on both sides.

As I say, he is not necessarily a boisterous man, nor does he always reveal his full-bloodedness in his complexion.

Physiologically, no doubt, his blood is richer in red corpuscles than most people's, and unquestionably he has bounding health. Indeed, one charm of the full-blooded man is that he radiates vitality; he brings, so to speak, a whiff of ozone with him; his hand-clasp is a veritable tonic; he makes you "feel good."

But he may be pale-complexioned, not of course of a sickly pallor, but with that rich, creamy whiteness, so often found in conjunction with auburn hair.

However, be his hair red, brown, or black, his complexion pale or ruddy, there is no mistaking the full-blooded man when you meet him. There is a personal magnetism, an electric atmosphere about him to the charm of which you succumb at once.

### A PERSONALITY THAT GRIPS.

He is so hearty—again I do not mean boisterous; his voice is full, though it may be low in pitch; his laugh is ringing without being a guffaw; his frame well-nourished without being fat. There is a quiet certainty and decision about his speech and movements that makes you feel, here is a man who stands upon his own feet.

You feel, too, that, though he might be a dangerous antagonist, he would never be a mean one. He enjoys life unaffectedly and is not ashamed of doing so.

So many modern young men are. In contrast with the full-blooded man there is that awful product of the present time, the anæmic young man, anæmic not only of blood and physique, but of mind, vices and virtues.

Dreadful creature! You may see him in his club sipping barley water and poring over the pages of the "Lancet" or the "British Medical Journal."

The dandies of old, it is true, affected a great languor, but it was merely an affectation. Their boredom, their "used-upness" did not prevent their cutting down the field with the Pytchley or Belvoir, from storming the Alma, or leading the deathless charge at Balaclava. They were men when the pinch came, full-blooded men, though it was the fashion of their times to pretend to be in the last stage of decline.

### ROTTERS.

But the young man of to-day—at least "many of him"—is really "used up"; he takes an obscene pride in his rottenness of blood and mind; he is on the whole rather pleased than otherwise when some full-blooded comrade loses his temper with him, and trounces him for the slimy, crawling thing he is. Faugh! let us leave him, and return to the clean, bracing atmosphere of the full-blooded man.

He generally wins success whatever line in life he may adopt. Not necessarily because he has great intellectual powers, but because he has the gift of stirring the heart and the imagination where other and cleverer men only touch the intellect.

I think it was Lord Russell of Killowen who said that the three chief qualifications for success

animal
second,
spirits, and
animal spirits.

Of course Lord Ru
whoever it was, did not
the sort of "animal spirits"
would tempt a barrister to po
a judge in the ribs, or
snatch off his l
nent's wig. He
bloodedness, the
enables a man to
self heart and soul into
work of the moment, to be i
terested in everything a
everybody around him; to
bound under defeat like
india-rubber ball, to be bro
expansive, human.

Then in politics, it is a
Without
the full-blooded man who succeeds.
wishing to be personal, Mr. Asquith just
genuine popularity because he is not a
blooded man. John Bright, Quaker though
was, was a full-blooded man, so was Disra
for all his ghastly pallor, so too was Gladsto
rigid moralist though he was.

### AGGRESSIVELY FULL-BLOODED.

In war, it is the full-blooded man who wins
V.C. or is the popular leader. Kitchener,
all his seeming coldness and aloofness is a fu
blooded man, Beresford is full-blooded, aggre
sively so.

In medicine it is the full-blooded surge
makes his way to the top of the tree.
Frederick Treves is an admirable example of
full-blooded man, radiant with vitality, tho
so intimately concerned with death.

Look where you will, you will find that
men who are enshrined in the hearts of the
countrymen are, or have been, full-blooded men

Full-blooded men have their faults; they a
often ... violent-tempered, domineering.
But if their vi... virtues a
heroic. They do things, and
doing them.

"Well," you may say, "we know all t
is the use of preaching about it?"
mean to preach. I sing the praises
bloodedness, because it seems to me there is
little of it seen nowadays.

It is all a matter of temperament. The
who is not full-blooded can never have that
definable quality which is known as "perso
magnetism."

We can never be "drawn" to him.

Only the man whose blood is pulsing in
veins and whose vigour of mind and body
unquestioned can be a leader of men.

### THE NEED TO-DAY.

Modern men want more heartiness, more
more vim, and they won't get it by listening
every teetotal fanatic, or nut-munching
that comes along.

We seem afraid nowadays to eat or drink
thing that will stir or enrich the blood in
veins, just as we seem to be afraid to spea
above a whisper, or ever to kick over the t
Your barley-water-swilling, banana-che
ass treats life as a tyrant to be placated, fawn
upon at every turn. Your full-blooded man take
life by the throat, and squeezes out the best th
is in it.

We want more of the latter, fewer, a jol
sight fewer, of the former type of man.

It is only the full-blooded man, who wa
both hands at the fire of life, who
There is nothing like blood, and w
enrich it in a very much more li
is usually thought.

We want to drink more good
more good English roast beef.

We want to get back to the origina
Bull type, exemplar of full-bloodedness.
far too namby-pamby, and the manliest pe
in the country are the women.

John Cra...

# Life at an Agricultural College

[illegal] have come to believe [illegal] is dead as mutton. [illegal] is something to be said for that view; [illegal] with increasing foreign competition, increasing working expenses, scarcity of labour, the remarkable vagaries of our modern climate, and other considerations, the lot of the British farmer is not altogether a happy one. But whose is?

[illegal] hand, if things are even half as [illegal] is it not rather curious [illegal] number of farmers who go bankrupt is [illegal] low, that the standard of living in [illegal] houses has greatly improved, and is still [illegal] ng, and that tenants are always forth- [illegal] for [illegal] farms, assuming of course [illegal] rms are reasonably good.

**FOLLOWING THE DEAR OLD DAD.**

[illegal] is the fact that these tenants [illegal] is ruined, or shrewd [illegal] owns, who see in farming [illegal] for their capital and ener-

[illegal] was a time when more [illegal] were written, more [illegal] published, more agricul- [illegal] read, and more agricultural [illegal] while agriculture has its own [illegal] Government (Lord Carrington) [illegal] and one too.

[illegal] was a time when there [illegal] ere only agricultural colleges in existence, [illegal] g existence, and it is of life at [illegal] ratively unknown institutions [illegal] ive some account.

[illegal] ary college, and the fees are [illegal] r annum, for in-students, such as [illegal] this includes all "extras," which are [illegal] at nominally cheaper estab-

**WHEN YOU MEET.**

[illegal] ns very much on the lines of life at [illegal] bridge. I daresay this will sur- [illegal] may picture an agricultural [illegal] rather superior Hodge. As a mat- [illegal] most of us are sons of professional [illegal] and navy officers, country clergy- [illegal] with a sprinkling of farmers' sons. [illegal] as a rule farmers fight shy of sending [illegal] sons to agricultural colleges, for the Bri- [illegal] rching if not [illegal] horror of the word "[illegal]" in [illegal] farming.

[illegal] Principal was lecturing [illegal] to a gathering of farmers, and [illegal] the proceedings a farmer got up [illegal] drink. Another farmer had bet him a [illegal] he would not [illegal]. So he had come. [illegal] but not with any [illegal] to [illegal]. By no means. He [illegal] he had an honest word [illegal] to say, which [illegal] what Mr. —— had [illegal] science, he did not know [illegal] d with it after all. What Mr. [illegal] ommended was exactly [illegal] followed and recommended.

**THE RESTRICTIONS.**

[illegal] most of us are the sons of [illegal] and our life is pretty much [illegal] of a 'Varsity undergraduate. [illegal] treated as gentlemen, and if you don't [illegal] work you needn't, though as mine hap- [illegal] a working college, if a man comes [illegal] to be a plan of farming, he is generally given [illegal] to go.

[illegal] are few and far between. In- [illegal] as getting up in the morning is [illegal] er off than the 'Varsity [illegal] y morning chapel for us, [illegal] man may rise when he likes. [illegal] rather strange, early rising [illegal] supposed to be essential to a [illegal] success. But then we often have to work late at night studying for our theoretical examinations, and on the whole early rising and other matters are left to a man's good sense.

Lights are turned out at 11 p.m., but you are free to use candles in your bedroom after that, and the whole attitude of the authorities towards us may be summed up in the Principal's words to every new-comer: "I expect you to behave as a gentleman. If you get drunk, or are found intriguing with any of the girls in the village, I shall have to request you to leave."

Parenthetically, I may remark, although I do not wish to cast reflections on any lady, that the girls of our village are not precisely Circes, while the healthy open-air life we lead enables us to carry a reasonable amount of beer without any harm to ourselves or our reputations for sobriety.

**SURPRISES FOR THE UNPOPULAR.**

Of course, at the end of a term (we have three, of about twelve weeks each) there may be a certain amount of skylarking, and such incidents as putting some of the live stock—a cow, a horse, a pig—into an unpopular student's room or bed are not unknown.

On the whole, however, we are there to work; we have only two years at the College, and we have to cram a mighty lot into them.

At some agricultural colleges manual work is optional, at mine it is compulsory, and we have to take our turn at ploughing, hedging, and ditching, milking, acting as assistant shepherd, pigman, helping in feeding, killing and dressing cattle and so on.

We also do a good deal of practical veterinary work, and the story is told of the student who, having been told to take a horse's temperature, returned looking rather scared, and holding in his hand a shattered thermometer, which, he explained, the animal had bitten in two!

**WHAT WE LEARN.**

Then we have lectures for the first year on such subjects as agriculture, botany, drawing and building construction, zoology, surveying, veterinary anatomy and physiology, chemistry, geology, and physics, while the second year man is lectured on agriculture, estate management, engineering, law, surveying, levelling, forestry, poultry-keeping, hop-growing, agricultural chemistry, woodwork, ironwork, farriery, veterinary medicine and surgery.

Of course, a man will not take up all these subjects, but will go in for those that are likely to be especially useful to him, or for which he has a particular aptitude.

The Principal's sound advice to a new-comer always is to make up his mind, if he has not already done so, where he is going to farm and on what scale, and to work on those lines.

The examinations, even the written ones, are very practical. Here are a few specimen questions: "Arrange a set of men and horses for (1) dung carting, (2) wheat carting"; "Why should barns extend from north to south?"; "Do side-bones always cause lameness? Can they be removed"; "What obligations to repair (in the absence of express contract) rest on a tenant from year to year, and a tenant for a term?"

Then in practical work we have to demonstrate our proficiency in such tasks as grafting and budding a series of fruit trees, harnessing a horse to a wagon, mowing a strip of grass or lucerne, milking, butter and soft-cheese making.

For recreations we are pretty well off, although unlike some other Colleges, our men are not allowed to keep horses. Still, we belong to a neighbouring pack of harriers, occasionally follow the local hunt a' foot, have our cricket and football teams, there are two good golf courses within fairly easy reach, while indoors we have billiards and a ripping good swimming bath.

Taking it all round, life at an agricultural college is pleasant, interesting, and infinitely healthy.

Moreover, it is useful. A man who has a natural taste and aptitude for farming and has "stuck to it" during his College course should do well in any part of the world, even in despised old Great Britain.

**AFTER LEAVING.**

One ex-student of my College has a splendid farm near Cirencester, and has already won over £5,000 worth of cattle prizes.

It is not to be supposed, however, that two years at an agricultural college is going to make you a successful farmer. After leaving college you should spend at least three years with a farmer in a good position, and if you can afford to learn with him for a year or two longer it will do you no harm.

Many men come to agricultural colleges who have no business there, and are foredoomed to failure. They have failed for army, medicine, everything, and as a last resort they determine to go in for estate agency, attracted by the idea of riding about telling people what to do. Very possibly they know nothing whatever about country life, but after dawdling through a college course they expect to get an estate agency at anything from £500 to £1,000 a year.

Estate agency is not what it was, but apart from that such posts were always difficult to obtain, except for the man of exceptional qualifications, backed up by influence, and they have not become easier of access.

**WHAT THE TRAINING IS WORTH.**

Is an agricultural college training "worth it" from the practical man's point of view? Unquestionably it is. Old-fashioned farmers, of course, sneer at our scientific methods and "new fangled" notions. Perhaps at some colleges too much attention is paid to science, and the student is stuffed with theory to the exclusion of practical knowledge.

Science cannot farm by itself, but it can help the farmer. "Practice with science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural Society, and provided you get to a College where that motto is understood and "lived up to," you will assuredly not only enjoy, but lastingly profit by the two well-filled years you will spend there.

One of the great advantages of learning at a college, instead of starting right away with practical farming, is that we see and use, and compare the relative value of, the many modern inventions in the way of agricultural machinery.

The College, if it is a good one, is equipped with every form of agricultural implement, from the humble spade to the most complicated of reaping and binding machines.

As it is at least the ambition of most of the students to become farmers on a large scale, such knowledge proves particularly useful, especially to those who are going to the colonies.

**MEMORIES.**

The pleasant social life of an agricultural college, is a lasting and joyful memory, whether your after life is to be spent on a farm at home or on a lonely ranch in the colonies.

There are men of all types there, most of them rare good sorts.

If a man makes hay while the sun shines (as all good farmers should), he will store up during his stay there memories and friendships which will last him all his life, and follow him to the ends of the earth.

T. W. Garden.

## KNOCKING ABOUT.

### THE CHARM OF IT.

There are few who have not experienced it at some time or another—the lust of travel, the insatiable desire to see the world, to learn something of the secrets of Nature, and of their fellow-men.

The motorist knows and feels the thrill of it, as his car pants along the dusty country roads or pulls up at village inn or country market-place, and he finds himself on new ground far from the turmoil of the town and the cares of business.

The motor cyclist feels it as the hedges speed by and the panorama of the country is laid bare before him. The traveller in the express train may know it as he is whirled from city to city throughout the length of the land.

But the glories of travel are not for these alone. Speed is no necessary factor in the enjoyment of them.

Expense? Nonsense! What of it?

The man of spirit wants no machinery to transport him from place to place. He must be free—free to go where he pleases, to journey when he pleases, to stop when he pleases, and drink in the pure fresh air, and revel in the beauties of the world around him.

What better way of spending a week-end than a cycling or walking tour? You will always find something new, something that is worth seeing; even the people of one county are very different from those of another.

It is *new* country I want to see, fresh scenes and different people.

I am no Arctic explorer who wants to wrest from nature the secrets of the ends of the earth, but I do ask to see as much of the world as may be, and I maintain that I set about it from the right end.

Charity, they say, begins at home, and so should travel.

I want to see my own country first. It is casting a slur on "this other Eden" to fly from it as soon as holiday time comes round and to journey through the land of some other people.

I must confess my own preference for the means of locomotion with which nature provided me. I am not tied to roads, or even footpaths, but am free to strike out a line of my own, and to tramp God's earth untrammelled.

Cost can be reduced to a minimum. I drop a packet of sandwiches in my pocket, and a running brook, or a wayside inn, will supply all else that I need for the day.

And the night? Why, the inn, again, will provide a comfortable bed for very little, and if nightfall finds me right out in the country far from a village pub., I crawl into a hay-filled barn, or lie beneath a stack, and revel in the novelty and joy of the thing.

Even the common tramp knows the lust of travel. It is this that keeps him on the roads, always moving, clinging to his freedom, when he might find at least a home in the workhouse, or might—who knows?—find work outside.

It is not a thing one can talk about. It is largely a sensual pleasure, a thing of the moment.

Yet there is a joy in retrospect, in going over one's travels once more with a pipe and a map and the companion who shared them, or another who knows the country.

To the man who knows it not—alas!—tales of travel spell boredom.

Have you ever watched a man's face when you were talking to him about the country you have travelled through?

It will light up when you are speaking of a place he knows, where he can follow you through the country by means of the mental picture that his own experience enables him to form.

But, when you pass beyond the limit of his ken, his face falls, and you can see his interest flag.

It isn't worth while talking about your rambles; they are like the kisses of a pretty girl, sweet at the time and in memory, but indescribable.

Edward Barclay.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**HIS VIEW—** I have before me a letter which has made a strong appeal to me—partly because of the folly of the writer.

It was brought forth by the notes which appeared the other week on this page, when I gave myself more rein than usual, and consequently established a bond of union with my readers closer even than had previously existed.

"Lucky chap!" says my correspondent. "You admit you are a young man and I like you all the better for it. You have attained success; I'm just one of the crowd.

"We are about the same age, but while you are the editor and owner of the brightest weekly paper published, I'm just plodding along in the rut.

"It's true I've something to be thankful for. My wife, the best little woman in the world, is sewing at the other side of the fire while I write this, and our youngster—a fine, sturdy little chap he is—has just gone to bed. But the cottage I live in isn't any bigger than it might be, and the red-clayed bricks of the floor look clean but none too luxurious.

"I believe I am a failure. I ought to have tried a bit harder."

**—AND MINE.** As I write these notes I contrast the picture my correspondent brings to the mind's eye with the room in which I am sitting. My staff have gone, and I am writing in a comfortable armchair in front of the fire.

I have had all the lights switched off, except the solitary reading lamp which shines across my shoulder. The main illumination of the room is from the fire, and the flickering reflections dance on the gilt of the picture frames and lose themselves amongst the dark shadows in the carving of my bookcase.

The room is, I suppose, luxurious—at least it would be called that by some. I like comfort where I can make it, and I believe in having my private office furnished more after the style of my study at home than like the conventional office.

I am sitting by the fire, as my reader was sitting when he wrote to me.

The only sound is the occasional clank of the handle of a pail, for the cleaners are busy in the passage. Apart from that, the room is silent. No sounds come from without, for it is long past six o'clock, and London has sent most of her workers to their homes.

In a sense you might say I was comfortably situated: my correspondent might even envy me.

But why should he? What does he suppose I am doing it all for? Why do I reach the office in the morning before any of my staff? Why do I remain when the last of them has gone?

For the simple reason that I want what he has got.

Believe me, my friend, there is a girl at the back of most things that have ever been done. He has reached the real success. It is not he who should be envious.

He has reached the goal; some day, I hope, I also shall have done so. Then we shall compare notes again, and we shall do so on more equal terms.

**HOW I DEAL WITH LETTERS.** The position of a modern editor is difficult. The Harmsworth and Pearson firms have reduced the profession of journalism to a cut beneath the average trade. They have made it a mere money-making affair. The personal element has been eliminated, and the only object in view is the sordid one of £ s. d.

I may be a fool for departing from principles which they have found to answer their purpose, but I will admit frankly that the chief thing which prompted me to bring out The Modern Man was a craving for wide friendship. The matter of money-making certainly entered into it, but that was a secondary affair; the great stimulus was the fact that by editing a [illegible] by running it in my own way, by having it as I wanted, I should make many thousand real friends—men who liked what I liked, whose interests were the same as my own.

I do not mind confessing it. I am a man who craves for friendship. It seems to give strength, to nerve my arm, as you might say.

Every morning between two and [illegible] hundred letters reach these offices. It is impossible that I could deal with all of them myself, and the majority are opened by my assistant.

Many of them are manuscripts, and can be recognised as a rule by the fact that they are contained in long narrow envelopes; others are addressed to the Paragraph Editor; others, again, to those contributors who conduct regular features in this paper, such as Mr. Mitchell and Captain Saunders.

These letters are duly dealt with by my assistants, but there is one batch which are sorted out and placed unopened on my desk; they are the letters which are obviously not manuscripts, for they are too small for that, and they are addressed simply to "The Editor."

**MY OWN SPECIAL BATCH.** Again I may be a bit of a [illegible] but I have made a rule that on account are these letters to be opened by anyone but myself. They are possible friends, and I regard them as strictly private.

Each morning I go through these letters, and each evening I dictate replies to them. The letters themselves do not fall into any other hands than my own, nor do any other eyes see them.

I know that most weekly papers with a bag as large as mine keep a correspondence editor, but I have no belief in such a function. Letters addressed to the Editor were meant for me, and I see to it that no one but myself shall peruse them.

By dealing personally with my readers in this manner, I am glad to say that with many of them I have been able to build up a firm friendship.

**A FRIEND INDEED.** And very good friends some of them have proved. This week, for example, I had a note from a reader who earns his daily bread by the ideally healthful task of driving a baker's cart through one of the most picturesque parts of Surrey. He suggested that I should send him some specimen copies, which he would distribute among his customers. I wrote asking him how many customers he had, and, on learning that there were 160, I immediately forwarded him a parcel containing that number of copies.

Good wishes are very welcome, but he is giving me something more than that. He is making the paper better known, and is bringing me new readers.

It is not every reader who has my friend's opportunities, but if every man who reads these lines would introduce the paper to just one new reader, I should double my circulation.

A bit of help, you know, is worth a lot of good wishing.

**FROM ALL CLASSES.** Other papers appeal exclusively to one social class, some being read only by the wealthy and some by the workers; but so far as this paper is concerned class distinction has been exploded.

I have several readers with handles to their names, the most distinguished, perhaps, being the Prince of Monaco, who has been an enthusiastic supporter of The Modern Man from the first. On the other hand, I receive daily letters from coal miners, factory workers and [illegible].

I have set up a new class distinction, which is not one of wealth. The hallmark of the first class is something better—it is manliness.

Your Editor.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# "GOBBLES."

A MILITARY SAILOR.

"Gobbles" was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met in my Service life. Not that he was especially remarkable for anything save an unpleasing exterior and an infinite capacity for strong drink, but what was extraordinary, what "licked" everyone who met him, was that he had ever got into the Service, still more so that he had ever remained in longer than a week.

Physically, he was a wreck and always had been. He had one lung, an enlarged liver; and a varied assortment of more or less complicated and complacent ailments. He was really in peace time.

He was no good at games or sport of any kind. His manners at table were unsporting, though perhaps they were not his fault. Owing to some malformation of his mouth he gobbled and spluttered like a German when he ate, and at other times he dribbled like a six weeks' old baby. Finally, he drank like a fish, passing his life in a sort of alcoholic dream.

Somehow or other, however, he managed to survive, though general and colonel after general and colonel swore to get rid of him. He even won a sort of popularity, for to do him justice he was a gentleman and a harmless if somewhat pathetic butt of the regiment; indeed he was tolerated chiefly because he was a never-ever-present target for shafts of practical humour.

As I have mentioned he drank heavily, with the natural result that he often went to sleep in the ante-room after mess.

This was a serious offence, and you may be sure we did our best to cure him of it. He seemed, however, to grow skin-hardened against the impact of Annual Army Lists and other missiles, and one night when "Gobbles" was wrapped in a profounder slumber than usual, snoring and gurgling in a manner which made it impossible to play whist with comfort, it was determined that "something must be done."

A hasty consultation the genius of the mess hit upon a happy idea.

Acting on his instructions we procured a large pickle-jar cork. On one side of this we bored a number of small holes, on the other side a transverse notch.

Through the small holes we stuck, tines and back, a fork, approaching the sleeper from the opposite side of the cork gently but firmly, and round the cork and his head to make the contrivance still more secure.

"Gobbles" continued to slumber peacefully, being far gone, very far gone in his cups.

Then amid a breathless silence a match was applied to those on the cork.

The results exceeded our anticipations. "Gobbles'" first impression was that he was in hell; his second, and more accurate one, that he was on fire.

Starting up with a horrible yell, he tore round the room, pawing frantically at the fork, but the elastic held.

Then with an eldritch shriek he plunged through the window, which fortunately was open, and never stopped running and squealing till he had buried his head in an adjacent horse-trough.

His eyebrows and hair were a bit singed, but it cured him; henceforward, when he did go to sleep in the ante-room it was with both eyes open.

Among other little failings, "Gobbles" was greedy. Not that he was much of a trencherman, but when there was anything "tasty" going he wanted more than his fair share.

One big guest-night the "savoury" was marrow-bones. "Gobbles" helped himself to four, and by some mischance or other there were not enough to go round, and a guest had to go short, the mistake not being discovered in time to rectify it.

"Gobbles'" iniquity, however, was duly noted, and after mess we collected all the marrow-bones — there were at least a hundred of them—and repaired to his quarters.

We put marrow-bones in his bed and in his boots. We festooned them on the walls, and popped them in his hats. We put them in his water-jug and among his collars.

We arranged a booby trap of marrow-bones for his head, and we stuffed his pillow with them.

Above all, we tucked them lovingly away in the pockets of his various garments.

"Gobbles'" servant had a busy morning next day collecting marrow-bones, but he did not find a small one in the tail pocket of his master's evening dress suit.

The result was that the next time "Gobbles" went out to dine the ancient and fishlike odour proceeding from his coat-tails made him the object of considerable sniffing.

One night we tied him up in a waterproof and rolled him down a steep hill. When he had reached the bottom and extricated himself he took out a penknife and proceeded to cut the garment into shreds.

But the more he slashed, the more we laughed. You see, it happened to be his own waterproof.

One never-to-be-forgotten year "Gobbles" fell in love—with a newly-emancipated schoolgirl out from home, a fluffy, blue-eyed, heartless little bit of femininity.

He took the disease badly. He made a serious effort to soak less, he even took dancing lessons—yes, you, "Gobbles," who before, when you did go to a dance, made for the refreshment buffet and stayed there.

The lady encouraged you, perhaps out of sheer devilment, perhaps from parental pressure —for you were rich, "Gobbles."

Anyway, she encouraged you, and upon my soul you began to be something of a man.

Possibly she would have married you—I don't know—but a little accident happened.

It wasn't very much, just the heartless remark of a heartless, shallow little coquette, but you overheard it and your dream—the one decent, manly dream of your life—was shattered.

You drank harder and were more objectionable than ever at mess that night. Noisy, maudlin, wild in speech you made the others shrug their shoulders and whisper that you really would have to go.

But someone who had also overhead the remark that blasted you, and had seen that you had heard it, slipped out of the ante-room, and round to your quarters.

You were late, very late, in fact the last to return to bed that night. But someone watched you outside your quarters, and saw you come in and fall on your knees, but this time not go to sleep after your wont.

Presently you arose, poured out and drank a stiff "peg" of brandy. Then with a sudden air of resolution on your sodden face, you crossed to the drawer, pulled out the revolver, put it to your head, pulled the trigger—and fell in a dead faint on the floor.

Somebody came in, brought you round, and put you to bed, taking the empty revolver—how did it come to be empty? you were sure you had loaded it—away for fear of accidents.

Silly old ass, she wasn't worth it.

By all the canons of story writing I should make "Gobbles," the butt of the regiment, die doing something heroic, putting us all to shame by his suddenly discovered courage and nobility.

As a matter of fact, he retired soon after the last-mentioned incident to become a bibulous pillar of his club until champagne and brandy carried him off.

So ends my true story.

## FALLIERES WAS AT HOME.

M. Fallières, the French President, spends his spare time in town collecting books at the street stalls of Paris, in the country in digging his garden and pruning his vines.

One day he was busy with his spade when a fashionable lady alighted from her motor-car at his garden gate.

"My good man," she said, addressing herself to the smocked figure in the garden. "Can you tell me whether M. Fallières is at home to-day?"

"Yes," replied the President, "Madame will find him at home if she will be good enough to ring the bell."

Then he bolted for the back door, threw off his smock, and was waiting in his study when the visitor was shown in.

## BITTING A HORSE.

It is often a difficult problem to find the correct bit to suit a new horse, or even an old one for the matter of that.

There are to-day, and always have been, thousands of horses rendered almost useless by being wrongly bitted.

It is a subject to which I have given some considerable attention, and I find that the best way when you go in for horse-dealing or any business where you are always getting new horses which you know nothing about, is to have at hand every practical bit which is made, and to have a few bridles which buckle instead of being sewn to the bit. Such bridles will fit any of them except the patent ones; most of these need a bridle of their own.

When you get a new horse, try him with a plain snaffle, and draw your conclusion from that as to which of the other bits would suit him best.

Two ordinary snaffle bits, from an ordinary watering bridle, fitted on to one headpiece and with a rein to each, will hold many a noted puller or bolter with the greatest ease, when bits of a more severe character have only excited the horse and made him worse.

Nearly any horse can be held with a twisted snaffle and martingale.

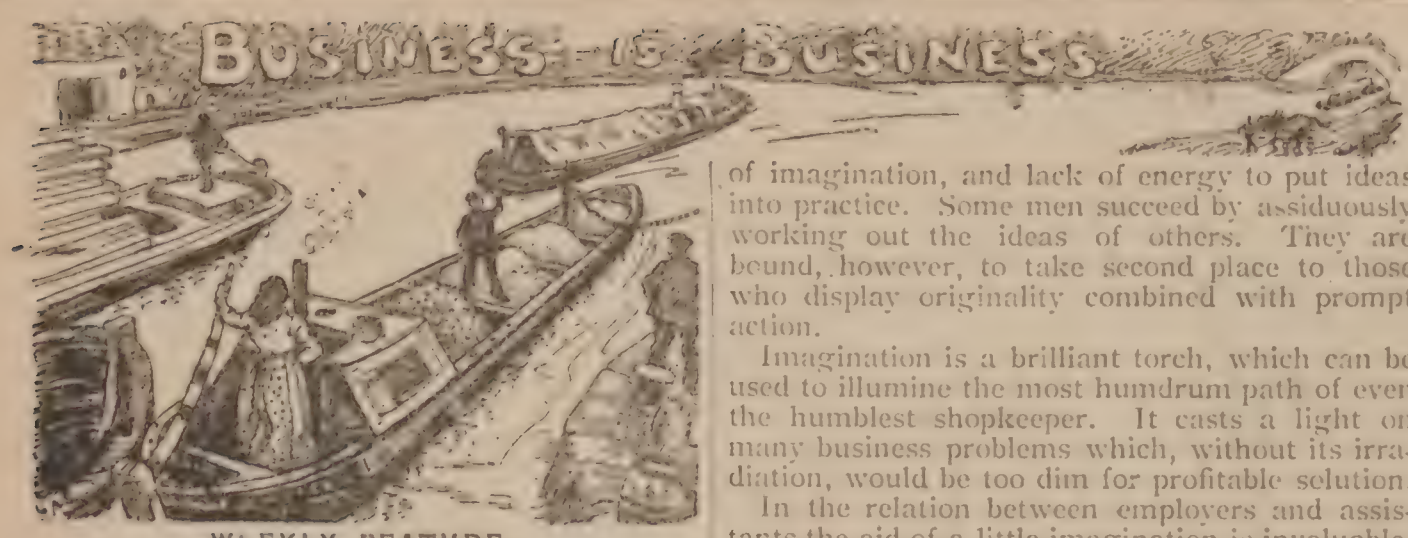
But, of course, there are some which are not amenable to such gentle measures as these, and on them it is worth while trying some of the patent varieties.

These bits are rather dear to buy new, but your saddler can often supply you with some of them second-hand, or, if he is friendly, he may even lend you a few, so that you may experiment, without purchasing any except the one finally chosen.

In any case it is worth the horseman's closest attention, for both his safety and comfort depend on the proper bitting of his mount. The right bit can only be found by trial.

Some horses require a severe bit of the old-fashioned military pattern, and I have known horses who never seemed really happy unless they were champing at one of these affairs. On the other hand, a bit of this kind would drive another horse wild.

R. Jones.




WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

# IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS.

Imagination is almost as necessary to the business man as to the artist or poet. It is becoming more clear than ever that this rather rarely developed quality is one of the main forces which tend to success in trade. It always pays an employer or an assistant to allow free play to the fancy, provided, of course, that thought is ruled by judgment and backed by action. Rightly guided and fed, imagination can become an asset of considerable value.

In window-dressing, for instance, it is a powerful stimulus to excellence, if it is known that the window when finished will be keenly inspected by an authority on the art.

True, the aim of profit is usually a sharp incentive to clever display, but even this is in some cases less effective than the ambition to be able to challenge the scrutiny of an expert. To be put upon one's mettle if only in imagination is grand training.

Imagination should be invaluable in salesmanship. To try to sell your goods as though an ideal salesman were at your elbow, watching your manner and listening to your conversation with the customer, is a good idea. Such a stimulus will practically compel you to do your best. And, when, perhaps, tempted to let a cantankerous customer depart unsuited, if you pause to reflect with what glee your rival may welcome him, this slight effort of the imagination may induce you to redouble your efforts to please. Such efforts, even if not at the time successful, may bring their reward later on.

In keeping the stock, shop and frontage as neat, businesslike and inviting as possible, it will be a great help to imagine that you may shortly receive a visit from some very important personage.

To have the particulars and prices of your goods ready and familiar in mind, as if about to be cross-examined on the subject by a sharp lawyer, is a good mental standard to aim at. It is surprising how this idea can be used to deepen, extend, and intensify one's knowledge of the stock. It will give one a closer grip on the main as well as on the small details of the business, which will tend to make buying and selling easier and pleasanter.

Keeping the books as though a legal penalty attached to neglect to do so thoroughly is a helpful thought. It will assist one to maintain a strict account of every penny of income and expenditure. If you are an assistant, the idea may be used that you are trying to qualify for an appointment as book-keeper to a most precise and particular house.

By using the imagination in such ways as these it can be in time developed into a profitable and handy tool, ready for use in various other directions. For, from being thus exercised, the imaginative powers will grow. New notions will rise, and one idea will lead to others. Care must, however, be taken to keep one's ideas as practical as possible. Imagination is a good servant in business, but a bad master. The great point is, of course, to be able to distinguish really useful ideas from moonshine. There are two prime causes of non-success in business. Lack of imagination, and lack of energy to put ideas into practice. Some men succeed by assiduously working out the ideas of others. They are bound, however, to take second place to those who display originality combined with prompt action.

Imagination is a brilliant torch, which can be used to illumine the most humdrum path of even the humblest shopkeeper. It casts a light on many business problems which, without its irradiation, would be too dim for profitable solution.

In the relation between employers and assistants the aid of a little imagination is invaluable. It breeds sympathy, and there is nothing like sympathy to oil the wheels of trade. Imagination can free or bind, subdue or inflame, restrain or spur, but the general result of its exercise is practically always wholesome.

It softens and flavours toil and puts zeal, warmth and animation into salesmanship and work of other kinds which would often otherwise be dull, flat and monotonous.

It broadens and expands the mind, enabling its possessor to meet little daily victories with modesty and defeats with cheerfulness.

Imagination, then, is a quality well worth cultivating, and, apart from the ordinary opportunities for its practice and development, which exist in the window and in the shop, there is also the huge field of retail advertising, which even yet offers almost unlimited scope for the origination of novel ideas.

## SHOWING YOUR TEETH.

It is advisable, even necessary, for the business man to show his teeth at times. The man who assiduously cultivates a reputation for standing no nonsense may save himself endless expense and trouble.

If you have the reputation for being a very good fellow and one whom nothing can ruffle, you will discover sooner or later that some rival is trespassing upon your rights on the supposition that you are much too good-tempered to object.

Very often your only remedy is to start an action at law, a proceeding which would not have been necessary if you had the reputation of being a man who had a limit to his patience.

I do not suggest for a moment that you should exhibit a perpetual state of ill temper, for that is all but fatal in the struggle for business success.

You can express it differently, if you like, by saying that the business man must show firmness, but that is only another way of saying that he exhibits his power and lets it be known that he is prepared to put it into effect.

The principle holds true in the management of employees or subordinates as well as in dealings with rivals.

It has always seemed to me that the successful manager largely resembles the successful teacher. He can keep discipline without continual threats or trouble, but almost invariably he has shown his men at some time or another that, if their work is unsatisfactory, he is capable of immediate and decisive action regarding them.

When once they understand this thoroughly, the work may go on as pleasantly as possible, but they must understand it first.

## EASY TO GET ON WITH.

That is the best thing that a man in business can have said about him.

It means, that his boss finds him willing, though, of course, not a toady—toadies are always rotters. It means that his fellow employees like him and work well with him. It means that the output of work is therefore greater.

Being easy to get on with is a recommendation that covers many faults. In certain circumstances it is even more valuable than the possession of great talents.

# CHANGING YOUR JOB.

## SOME ADVICE AND CAUTIONS.

Every week I receive at least half a dozen letters from readers who want my advice as to whether they should leave their present employment.

They are dissatisfied for one reason or another, and they think that they would do better either in another trade, or in some other firm.

I reply to them all by post, and endeavour to gather from their letters some inkling as to the characters of the writers before I give the advice.

Some men are never content. No sooner are they settled in one job than they want another. No job is ideal, and you can find a hundred little faults if you look for them.

Where a man tells me that his boss is a fool that his fellow clerks are not to his liking, that his work is harder than he would choose, I reply to him that he is lacking in backbone. Such troubles as these are noticed only by the man who is suffering from a foolish discontent.

Other correspondents find fault with the pay they are getting, or with the poor prospects that the future holds out. To these men and to those only do I recommend a change.

There are several trades in which the chances of making money are infinitesimally small, and the man who wants to make a fortune must get out of these trades as an initial step. Certain professions have been exploited by tutors and correspondence courses to such an extent, that there are far more men qualified than there are positions open. If a man has been misguided enough to adopt one of these professions, his first step in getting on is to get out.

For a boy of fifteen practically every trade or profession is open, but unfortunately boys of that age are not usually far-sighted enough to choose lucrative callings. They are led away by the prospects of making a little money at once, instead of looking at the total amount they are likely to make before they are thirty.

If boys of that age asked for my advice I might be able to give them great assistance, but they are not amongst my readers. Most of the men who consult me on the problem I am discussing vary in age between twenty and thirty.

A man of thirty is rarely well advised in changing his trade, but the man of twenty still has the world before him.

You are acting wisely in changing your job if it is injuring your health, or if the prospects are poor, and you are justified in looking out for another post if you can get one with more money attached to it than that you now hold.

If you are discontented, my reader, make an examination and ask yourself whether you come under any of these categories. If not, I think the fault lies with yourself, and not with your occupation.

Do not forget that in making a change you are taking a tremendous risk. If you are going in for a different trade altogether, you will have to start at the bottom of the tree, and will "scrap" all the knowledge you have gained in your own trade.

You know, probably, from experience, how many applications from skilled men a vacancy in your own line calls forth, and you must remember that the number with whom you will have to compete in that to which you change will be no less large—indeed it will probably be greater, for if the trade attracts you, it will attract others also.

Whatever you do, don't, if you can avoid it, chuck up your present job until you are sure of another. The proverb "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is nowhere more true than in this connection.

If you do decide to change, it is advisable to get out of touch, for a time at least, with your old profession. Then, if as so often happens, you decide that the old trade was best after all, you have some chance of getting back again.

A SKETCH.

# The Fighters.

"A fifteen three-minute rounds contest between Jim Willis, light-weight champion of England and Nat Spink of America. Usual 4-oz. gloves; soft bandages allowed."

So read the announcement.

The principals were in their corners now. Jim slipped off a long coat and stood revealed, naked to the waist, with tight black pants, socks rolled down to ankles. He was spare, and white, and smooth, with as little appearance of muscle as a statue of a Greek youth. His skin shone

He ground his shoes into the heap of rosin near by, then stepped out into the ring and tested the springiness of the boards. He went back to his chair and gazed about idly, almost indifferently. Bill Brunton, his trainer, was there, looking cool and unconcerned. The two other seconds fanned perfunctorily.

Meanwhile preparation was proceeding in the opposite corner. Nat Spink was a man with long shaggy hair almost covering his low forehead. His face and skin were dark as a gipsy's; his lips bulged loosely; his small, sunken eyes keen and swift glancing. He moved about with the same deliberation as his opponent, without a trace of self-consciousness or nervousness. He had extraordinary limbs; long sinewy arms, and thin legs with bony knees that leaned together like the ancient illustrations of the Saints. He suggested aboriginal cunning.

**AT IT!**

The referee called the principals to the centre of the ring and spoke quietly to them, illustrating his remarks with gestures.

The men returned to their corners, seated, and eyed each other. Spink's expression was vicious. His gloved fists pressed into his thighs, tense for the gong.

The time-keeper outside the ropes lifted his eyes from the watch in the palm of his hand, glanced at the waiting men, then swung his right arm. The gong banged.

[illegible] whipped the chairs from the ring, and [illegible] crouching. Both men had sprung to their feet, approached, and touched gloves formally as they passed.

Then, as they faced, Spink flung forward like the thong of a whip. Smack! thud! smack! Jim wavered, and retreated. Spink rushed him to the ropes, raining blows as if possessed.

"Clinch, clinch!" the house yelled. This was an electric start, like!

Jim clinched desperately.

"Break away," spoke the referee casually.

Jim tried to edge back, but Spink pressed him, leaning his whole weight on his shoulders.

**A HOT PACE.**

"Break away!"

Jim broke from the clinch.

Short-arm jabs were exchanged. From the [illegible] might have been for one [illegible] invited or shown.

[illegible] clinched.

"Break away!"

They stepped lightly to his corner, grinning as if it were all a joke.

Jim stretched either arm over the ropes and looked at the ceiling. His wavy hair was ruffled. Bill Brunton whispered something.

[illegible] signalled Ready. Time!

Jim, lithe, nimble, feinted, ducked this way, his legs dancing, then swung his arms as wildly as before. Spink, slightly, stood his ground, but Spink seemed unhittable. He jumped and twisted like an ape, dropped on one knee, dodged back, revolved, sprung forward, grinning all the time. There was a succession of clinches.

"Break away! Break away, Willis!"

Spink stretched out both arms proclaiming innocence but he still leaned against Jim who could not get away. Jim knew he was being made to look the offender. He thrust his open glove into his opponent's face and forced him back.

"Go on! Fight him, Nat!"

"Steady, Jim! Watch him."

The gong banged.

As the seconds waved their towels Bill Brunton knelt and whispered into Jim's ear.

"Keep on clinchin', an' drop it right over 'is kidneys every time. See? Just a lovin' little tap. See? An' mind 'is right!"

Third Round. Time!

Jim stepped out, steady, watchful. As he sparred, the curve from neck to shoulder showed prominent, poetic. There was a rapid interchange of blows; then they clinched. Spink capered out, struck at Jim or the air, apparently not caring which.

**TIRING HIS MAN.**

Up to the tenth round he anticked, scuffled, indulged in acrobatics rather than boxing. Men howled scornfully. Yet behind it all there was deadly purpose. Spink sought to tire, to exasperate, to bewilder.

But the spectators were astonished at Jim's ineptitude. He was tedious, unaggressive. He clinched, broke away, then clinched again. But at each embrace Jim's knuckles drove short and hard into Spink's back.

As they found their corners after the tenth meeting Jim was the fresher. His breathing was regular, his eyes clear, though red marks stained the whiteness of his skin.

Eleventh Round. Time!

Spink got up and circled round warily. His tactics were altered. He stooped; his arms doubled and came close together, covering the stomach; his gloves waved slowly over his face. He crept nearer, watching Jim's feet intently.

Jim faced his every approach, crouched on springy feet, eyes steady. Then Spink sprang.

**WORKING STEADILY.**

As they met, that poetic curve from Jim's neck to back ridged into muscle. He straightened, rigid to withstand shock, but steadily, almost leisurely, his right swept up, timed to the second, and crushed on to Spink's heart. Spink danced back, laughing.

"Got one home!" came breathlessly from a spectator who knew him.

Jim knew no flurry; his gloves never smacked his opponent; they arrived with soft, bruising thud. He was fighting the body.

The gong banged.

"Down below; that's the game!" urged Brunton. "'E's gettin' sick. Both 'ands, now, and fight 'im! See?"

Twelfth Round. Time!—came imperturbably.

Spink left his chair wearily, his eyes half shut, shoulders drooping, gloves swaying listless. But behind the sheathing lids Jim saw the evil gleam.

He bore down on his gleeful enemy, white, and silent, and grim.

Spink had seen that blazing expression in the eyes of men before. It was to be avoided. How long before the gong? His mind worked feverishly. All the subtlety of defence, evasion, retreat, proved futile.

Jim fought him into a corner, his arms working with the resistless force of a piston.

Spink's grin changed slowly into helplessness, the eyes went vacant, his legs crumpled, then he slid down; his body stretched out over the boards sleepily.

"——Eight. Nine. Ten!"

He was "out."

The referee pointed to Jim.

Bill Brunton leaped into the ring, gripped Jim ecstatically under each arm and guided him to his chair.

R. D. Crombie.

# FOOTBALL AND TRADE.

## HOW IT HELPS BUSINESS.

Should this meet the eye of any young man who has started in business on his own account, and who finds it difficult to obtain clients and customers, let him forthwith become connected with a popular football club, if need be let him offer his services gratuitously.

There is always the keenest rivalry among accountants for the work of auditing a club's books, for the advertisement that accrues is extremely useful.

I know a tobacconist in Birmingham, who some years ago knew as little football as a schoolgirl, but finding business slack and having plenty of time on his hands he studied the game carefully, and is now a sort of walking encyclopædia of Soccer. He can tell you in a flash the names of all the men in every well known team, and what is more he can entertain his customers with humorous little anecdotes concerning each of them. Since he has become known as an authority on the winter sport, young men have flocked to his shop, and his trade has boomed enormously.

The majority of shopkeepers stock various articles which are calculated to suit the masculine fancy, and in every instance these will find profit in becoming identified with the local football club, either as directors or in some other way.

So much for the assistance that a connection with football can be to the individual. The benefits of the game to trade however do not end there, for there are dozens of industries which are greatly helped by it and several which depend wholly upon it.

The spectators of football matches generally reach the field by some sort of conveyance, usually the tramway, and the receipts of the company or Corporation running the system are better on Saturday afternoon than on any other three days of the week put together. Many spectators come from considerable distances, and their fares swell the exchequers of the railway companies.

Then again football demands football papers, which give employment to reporters, printers, and machine makers.

A team like Newcastle United can draw nearly £20,000 in a season in gate money, most of which finds its way into the pockets of players, groundsmen and others, for whom football provides a livelihood. It is calculated that the average club spends £200 a year on repairs to the grand stand and in keeping the ground in condition.

The industry of football making is almost exclusively British, giving employment to many scores of workers. There are five thousand football clubs in the country, and each of these requires several balls in the course of a season, the better known clubs generally using a new ball, which costs from fifteen shillings to a guinea, in each important match, and often two new balls before the match is finished. And so with jerseys, knickers and boots. It must be remembered that it is not only the professional player who buys these, but the thousands of amateurs as well.

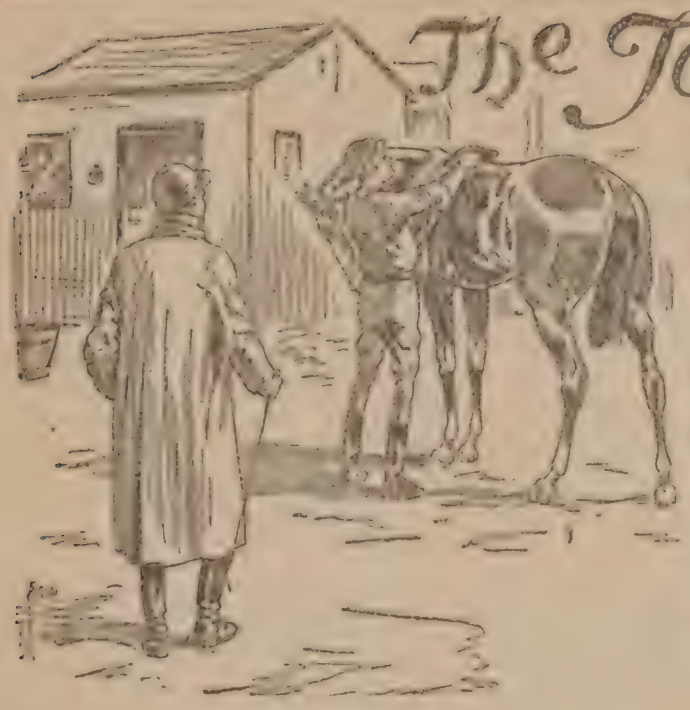
It may be argued that football is not a productive industry, that it is merely a means by which money is transferred from the pockets of one person to those of another. It is certainly not like fishing or farming, where the sea or the earth is made to yield its treasures, but even in the collection of money, football serves a useful purpose. The sixpences and shillings which it draws would otherwise be spent on liquor.

Football gives them fresh air for their money; the other thing doesn't.

That the cash of patrons of the game should be expended on a form of healthful entertainment is surely better than that it should swell the tills of the publican. In fact it is quite probable that the decline in the liquor industry may be attributed to a considerable extent to the counter-attraction of football.

T. Gibson Gow.

# The Telegram



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN L. HORNIBROOK.

There was a buzz of excitement amongst the packed crowds on the racecourse, for the great event of the day was about to take place. The "bookies" were already shouting the odds, and tipsters were busy among the unwary. Expectation rose high, for it was known that it would be a close finish. Varden was riding, too—the great Fred Varden—the most successful jockey of the season, and the idol of the racing public.

Varden was even then in the paddock, superintending the saddling of Sir George Chadwick's horse, The Rover, which he was to ride. There was a hot difference of opinion as to The Rover's merits. Some maintained that, with Varden up, he was a "dead cert." Others held that he could not stay the distance, and that Lord Broxbourne's colt, Lapwing, would beat him at the finish.

Varden, wrapt in his long overcoat, stood tapping his riding-boot with his whip as he watched the saddling process. Yet, keen sportsman though he was, his thoughts were not on the coming race. They were away elsewhere.

There was another side to Varden's life, a side which was hidden from the public. Down in the Midlands he had a snug homestead, to which was added a small breeding establishment. Every moment he could spare from race meetings was spent in that retreat. His heart was there now, with his dainty little wife and curly-headed boy. Only that morning he had received a letter from the youngster, written in his childish scrawl. It said:

"Dear Daddy,—The cat has had some foals. The bay colt is off his fede. Jim says he has the 'fluensa, same as I had last year. There is no more news, 'cept that we want you home."

There was no time to indulge his fancy further. The leading horses were already leaving the paddock. Varden stripped off his overcoat and mounted. He was now the jockey before all things; keen, alert, determined to pull off the race if it was in the power of man and horse to do it.

Sir George Chadwick came bustling up at that moment. Although he had been years on the turf, and knew how to take bad fortune as well as good, there was that in his face which bespoke more than a little inward anxiety. It was no secret that he had immense interests at stake. Indeed, it was whispered in the ring that if The Rover was beaten Sir George Chadwick's racing career might come to an abrupt termination.

"Feeling fit, Varden?" he asked.

"As a trivet," was the cheery reply.

"Good. I leave the race entirely in your hands. Use your own discretion in all things."

There was a ring of people round the horse, commenting on his points and his chances of pulling off the race. A telegraph boy pushed his way through them, took the pink envelope from his pouch, and handed it up to the jockey.

Varden tore it open, and read:

"Boy run over by motor-car. Seriously injured. Come at once.—Hayden, M.D."

A spasm of anguish swept across the clear-cut face of the jockey. A mist sprang up before his eyes, banishing from sight the paddock, the horses, the crowds. Instead, he saw the bleeding and mangled form of his little lad; heard his plaintive voice calling weakly for "daddy."

He was recalled to himself by a hand laid on his arm; and vaguely, as through the surging of waters, he heard Sir George Chadwick addressing him.

"What is it, Varden?" the baronet asked. "For Heaven's sake, what has stunned you like this?"

Varden looked down at him through his pained eyes. For answer, he simply handed him the telegram.

Sir George Chadwick read it, and it was a blow to him also. It dashed to the ground all hope of winning the race, for he had staked everything on Varden's skill and superb horsemanship. And yet, true sportsman as he was, his first thought was not for himself.

"I'm awfully sorry, Varden; on my word, I am," he said, in a curiously constrained voice. "It is out of the question that you should ride. I must try to find another jockey at once, or else withdraw the horse."

To find another jockey at the very last moment, even a second-rate one, was no easy task. To withdraw the horse meant to forfeit all stakes. Varden knew it. He knew also that Sir George Chadwick was heavily pledged.

He looked down at the baronet. He saw the face of a ruined man. And at sight of it the great heart of the jockey rose above his own trouble. He crushed down his sorrow, and raised his head manfully.

"No, Sir George," he said, in a firm tone, though his lip quivered. "I will not allow you to withdraw the horse. I'll see the race through. Half-an-hour's delay can make little difference *now*."

Sir George Chadwick understood the meaning of that last word. Varden judged that his boy was dead. The wording of the telegram, as is usual in such cases, was intended to break the sad news to him.

Scarcely one more minute remained before the horses were due at the starting-post. Sir George Chadwick extended his hand to the jockey. Not a word did he say; but, between man and man, much can be conveyed in a silent hand-grip.

The crowd around the horse fell back. Varden rode out of the paddock, and cantered down the course. Every eye followed him, noting his perfect control of The Rover, a horse that had a temper of his own, and required skilful handling. No one looking at the jockey could tell that his spirit was not as buoyant as ever. Not a soul in that vast concourse knew of the secret anguish that was gnawing at his heart.

Sir George Chadwick had taken up his position in the grand stand. Outwardly composed, he was far from easy in mind. He doubted Varden's ability to do justice to himself or the horse under such trying circumstances. Would the jockey's nerve fail him? Would he break down under the severe strain?

The cry, "They're off!" rang through the crowd, and every neck was craned to catch sight of the field as it swept past. Sir George Chadwick raised his glasses. The horses were lying well together, Lapwing leading, and as yet it might be anybody's race.

As they came on a level with the grand stand, still in a bunch, Sir George Chadwick had eyes for only one thing in the huddle of men and horses. His gaze was directed, not at his horse, but at the jockey's face. What he read there inspired him with new hope, as well as manful admiration. He saw the determined set of the jaw, the firm lips, the eye that never acknowledged defeat while a yard remained to the winning-post.

Half-way round the course the field be... thin out. The outsiders tailed off one by ... and the general interest, in the stands ... the ground alike, became concentrated on ... leading horses.

Lapwing was still holding his own; ... knowing that he was a "stayer," his jock... instructions to make the pace in hopes ... ing off the others. After a time came ... to neck, with The Rover lying a little behind.

Sir George Chadwick watched both horse ... jockey with a keen appreciation of Varde... judgment. His experienced eye told him ... The Rover was full of "go," and that Varde... was merely biding his time to bring him to the front. And then, as they swept round towards the home stretch, the baronet had a bad m... The Rover suddenly seemed to flag.

The crowd observed it; and from a ... throats the shout went up, "The Rover's La... He's beaten! He's beaten! ... wins!"

The Rover was not done, however. ... bit, under the skilful guidance of his jock... began to creep up again. Turning int... straight, he was at the tails of the two ... in front.

It was just at this point that a su... thing happened. The pair in front op... a little. Varden saw his chance, and t... With lightning speed he shot The R... between them, passing them by a len... they closed in on each other again.

The roar of the crowd at this magnificen... soon changed to a deep hum of excitement. The Rover was laying himself out in e... now. And, slowly but surely, he was ... ing Lapwing. It had come to a tussle ... the two, and the result hung doubtfully ... balance.

Half-a-furlong's length from the ... post they were head to tail. One sectio... crowd cheered lustily for The Rover; ... for Lapwing.

The Rover's outstretched head was ... level with Lapwing's girths. And in t... tion they hung for seconds together, ... gaining an inch. The Rover's bolt had be... shot, and it just fell short of the mark. ... mortal man could get another ounce of ... out of him. So the crowd imagined.

But they reckoned without the almost ... human will of the famous jockey on his ... In the very last few lengths he appeared ... fuse his own determined spirit into the ... He seemed to literally lift him off the ... by sheer force of will. The Rover jum... ward, and for one brief second the two ... hung neck to neck. Then, with one ... preme effort, Varden lifted him once m... shot past the winning-post first. He ... by a head.

The tumultuous cheering that follow... surge and roar of the crowd, came to ... through a dream. For, the instant ... was over, the remembrance of his gre... rushed on him once more, blotting out th... around him. The mist had risen to ... again.

Sir George Chadwick led his horse ... triumph to the paddock; but the crow... that the jockey's bearing little resem... of a conqueror. They marvelled to c... drooping head and dejected attitude. ... amongst them knew the cause, or gu... a terrible calamity had fallen upon him.

In the paddock he was surrounded by an ... miring throng. Hands were stretched out ... him on all sides; congratulations poured in ... him. But those who looked into his ey... something there which banished the wor... their lips. They became silent before t... anguish.

Sir George Chadwick drew him thr... press, and led him towards the w... room.

"My motor-car is waiting, Varden," ... "It will rush you to the station in five ... You can just catch the express."

Huddled up in a corner of the express, Varden stared out of the window without seeing anything. The landscape was a blur to his dimmed eyes. The scene at home rose before him. He saw the little still form lying in its snowy cot with hands folded, the doctor and weeping mother standing by. No more would he hear a squeal of childish delight when he appeared at the garden gate; no more would he see the winsome little fellow rushing to meet him with outstretched arms. The father's heart was wrung with anguish at the thought.

He knew the boy must be dead. Dr. Hayden was a friend of his, and would not have sent the telegram if there was the slightest hope. The doctor knew that he, Varden, was riding in an important race that day, and could well guess how the news would upset him. If the worst had not been anticipated, or had already occurred, the telegram would certainly have been withheld under the circumstances.

Throughout the journey he was conscious that the people in the carriage looked at him [illegible] and whispered together. Perhaps they had already heard the news; perhaps it had already appeared in the evening papers. A dumb despair settled on him.

When he got out of the train he hurried away from the station without looking to right or left. He brushed past one or two who tried to stop him, and who held out their hands to him. He did not dare to look into their faces. He thought he knew what he would see there.

He reached home quickly. At the garden gate he paused, his hand on the latch. He was bracing himself for the effort to gaze upon the little still form in the cot upstairs.

But—but—Great Heavens! what was this? There was a scramble inside the house, a squeal of delight, and a patter of tiny footsteps. Out ran his little lad, with joyous, dancing eyes, and arms outstretched in welcome.

Varden clapped his hand to his forehead, and reeled. For the next few seconds he was only conscious that his boy was clinging to him, alive and well. Then he picked the little fellow up in his arms, and hugged him to his breast.

He knew it all now. He knew too well the [illegible] gangs who are the curse of race [illegible], and who do not hesitate to resort to [illegible] trick in order to gain their [illegible]. It was at the instigation of one of these [illegible] had probably laid heavily against [illegible] that a forged telegram was sent to [illegible]. They were well aware that if he did not [illegible] at the starting-post, the race was a [illegible] conclusion, and that Lapwing would [illegible] home.

## ADVERTISING FRAUDS.

[illegible] five shillings for recipe to make middle-[illegible]sters look young," ran the ad., and the [illegible]'s maiden aunt did it. She was told to [illegible] herself," women about ten years older [illegible].

[illegible]ve-and-six for a simple but effective [illegible]-machine," brought a needle and thread; [illegible]cket of pins was what she got when [illegible] to this ad.: "Twenty useful house-[illegible] for a shilling."

[illegible] herself, she sent five shillings to [illegible] who offered a safe way by which [illegible] "double your money." The recipe [illegible]ange your cash into notes and fold [illegible].

[illegible] had faith in all she saw in print, so [illegible] sent the necessary fee for a secret that [illegible] enable her to "make money fast." The [illegible]ly was: "Cast a five-pound note to the wall." [illegible] saw this ad. she again succumbed: [illegible] raise beautiful rose trees without cost. [illegible] shilling P.O." The infallible recipe [illegible] received: "Grasp the rose tree firmly [illegible] hard."

[illegible] line was made on behalf [illegible] excellent workman, but too [illegible] bottle. "Half-a-crown for an absolute [illegible] for drunkenness," seemed moderate. It [illegible]ced: "Sign the pledge and keep it." [illegible] is very cautious now.

# POT-HUNTERS

MEN WHO ARE INJURING SPORT.

In its literal and dictionary sense the term "pot-hunter" means "one who hunts or fishes for profit."

So far as sport is concerned, however, the epithet "pot-hunter" is now almost exclusively applied to a certain type of athlete and games-player.

It is an unworthy type, and the pot-hunter is almost as detrimental to the best interests of sport, or, to narrow the issue, of games and athletics, as is the bogus amateur.

At the same time, the pot-hunter should not be confused with the latter unsavoury fraud.

The bogus amateur is "out" for money, and, directly or indirectly, in one way or another lives by the game he professes to play for love.

Of course, some pot-hunters are not above taking money for exhibiting their skill at some particular game. I have in mind a certain famous lawn-tennis player, who "makes no bones" about accepting a fee—and a pretty heavy one, too—for playing at tournaments, to the promoters of which his presence undoubtedly means money gained as well as given.

### THE NEED OF PRIZES.

But your real pot-hunter would be aghast if he were offered money, or asked to play for a money prize.

On the other hand, his one object is to win prizes. Of course there must be prizes at athletic meetings—they would be tame affairs if there were not.

To the genuine athlete, however, the prize he may win is a secondary consideration—the sport everything. With the pot-hunter it is just the reverse. Prizes are everything to him, and the more he can accumulate the better is he pleased.

Mind you, I don't say that the pot-hunter wins prizes with the purpose of eventually turning them into hard cash.

Some pot-hunters do do this, but it is fair to the majority of them to say that they are not after money.

They simply suffer from misguided notions on the subject of sportsmanship, and in their eagerness for "pots" they carry their "hunting" to excess.

### SHADY TACTICS.

The pot-hunter always wants to have a shade the better of the odds. His tactics are often shady, not so much in actual competition as in the "slim" manner in which he paves the way to his success.

He is quite capable of deliberately playing below his true form in order to get "well in" in some subsequent handicap or contest.

He does not welcome a fair match; he always wants to have a "little bit in hand" of his opponents.

Then he makes a systematic study of picking up pots. He travels up and down the country playing at or competing in small local tournaments or athletic meetings, where there are generally events open to "visitors" or "strangers."

I admit he usually does this at his own expense. But that does not alter the fact that his object is "pots," and therefore he is a bad sportsman, and as such an undesirable competitor in any form of contest.

### EVERYWHERE.

You find the pot-hunter in pretty well every branch of games and athletics. True, he does not trouble cricket and football much, for the simple reason that prizes are not usually attached to these games. Nevertheless, in minor cricket and football you have the amateur pot-hunter who goes from one club to another in the hope of adding to his collection of "caps" and medals, while, of course, the professional cricketer or footballer is a pot-hunter in the original sense of the term.

Lawn-tennis is sadly prolific in pot-hunters. There are dozens of men who regularly tour the length and breadth of the country every summer picking up more or less valuable prizes at local tennis tournaments. Some of these pot-hunters, as I have hinted, are actually paid for playing.

Golf is suffering from the pot-hunter, while the running and cycle tracks have long been defiled by his presence.

The pot-hunter has a bad influence on sport. As I have pointed out, he does not want a fair contest, and his devious methods lead to all kinds of chicanery, if not, indeed, to actual fraud.

When a man deliberately conceals his true form in order to secure an advantage later on, the line between fraud and "finesse" is so fine drawn as to be almost invisible.

It is true that athletic authorities are greatly to blame for the prevalence of pot-hunters in modern sport in permitting extremely, not to say absurdly, valuable prizes to be given as rewards of success.

### WHY NOT MEDALS ONLY?

By all means give a winner a medal or some inexpensive trifle as a souvenir of his prowess. But when it comes to hundred guinea cups, fifty guinea dressing bags, and so on, you are simply encouraging that spurious type of sportsman to whom the "pot" is everything, the sport nothing.

I know promoters of athletic meetings will say that if they don't offer valuable prizes the "cracks" won't compete.

Well, if that be so, then the sooner sport is cleansed of such "cracks" the better for the best interests of British sport and true British sportsmen.

A sport in which pot-hunting is more prevalent than in any other is that of rifle shooting. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but it is to some extent unavoidable.

The expenses of the marksman are very high—I speak of the crack target-shot, not the man who learns to shoot straight under purely Service conditions. He must be equipped with absolutely the best of everything. His barrel must be frequently renewed, and ammunition is costly.

### COVERING EXPENSES.

Moreover, the expenses of running a range are considerable, so that an entrance fee, often a very large one, for a competition must be charged in order to cover them.

In the circumstances it is hardly to be expected that a man should refuse the opportunity of winning some of his own back.

If you took the average winnings of the average crack shot over a period of ten years, you would find that they would do very little more than cover his expenses.

So with other sports, where there is an entrance fee for a contest, it is really a sweepstake, on which you stake a certain amount on your prowess, and if you win, recover your stake and a part of the pool.

But this is not genuine pot-hunting, and is very different from that of the lawn tennis player who will not play a game unless there is some chance of winning a prize.

It is noticeable that such men can seldom take a beating. The pot-hunter is never tired of telling you exactly why he was beaten, or how he would have won the cup, if only——

E. Bilbie.

# The SOLVER

AN UNIQUE SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

## IX. THE LINCOLN MYSTERY.

"This," said Page, is treating an investigator with justice. Mr. Theodore Weare telegraphs to me that his brother has just been murdered. 'Have sent for police,' he says, 'but am wiring you at same time.' We ought to be able to discover something here, for our blundering officials will not have had time to remove those clues which will, I trust, enable us to fathom the mystery."

"Where did it happen?" I asked.

"Lincoln," he replied. "You're coming, of course?"

"Of course," I said, for it was Saturday morning and I was free.

We reached the scene of the tragedy shortly before mid-day. It was a fine house on the outskirts of the old cathedral town.

A short middle-aged man bustled out to receive us.

"Mr. Page, I presume?" he said. "I am Theodore Weare."

He conducted us to the morning-room and, while he poured us out some refreshment, he gave us particulars of the crime.

"The victim," he said, "is my brother Robert. He has lived in this house for several years, it being the property of his ward Miss Lillian Millar. She is now nearly twenty-one, and in a few weeks' time my brother would have had the pleasure of surrendering his trust to her.

"My brother, this young lady, her old nurse and a domestic servant were the only occupants of the house.

"At eight o'clock this morning, as was her custom, the servant knocked at the door of her master's bedroom, but received no response.

"She summoned Miss Lillian, and, when they had knocked a third time, they opened the door and looked in.

"On the bed lay the body of my brother. He had been killed with a hat-pin."

"A what?" exclaimed Page.

"A hat-pin," the other replied. "It is, I imagine, an unusual weapon."

Mr. Weare then conducted us to the bedroom where the body still lay.

The local police had taken charge of the room and its contents, and an inspector came forward to receive us.

He showed us the chief exhibit of the case.

It was a common hat-pin, the pin itself being of steel and a large black bead forming the head.

The manner in which it had been used was gruesome, and it would serve no useful purpose if I explained it here. Suffice it to say that the pin had been plunged into a vital part of Mr. Robert Weare's face, and that the criminal must have been a person of iron determination, for it had been pushed in right up to the head, there being traces of blood even on the bead itself.

"It was sticking in him when we got here," said the inspector.

Page examined the hat-pin most minutely, made an entry in his notebook, and laid it down.

"Has anything been stolen?" he asked.

The inspector had apparently been waiting for this question, for he answered with precision and with some self-satisfaction at his acumen in having forestalled it.

"Yes," he replied. "Only yesterday Mr. Robert Weare went to his bank and cashed a cheque 'to self' for fifty pounds. He brought the money home in five-pound notes, and Miss Millar informs me that more than likely he put them in that little safe in the corner. His keys must have been taken from beneath his pillow, for when I first entered this room they were sticking in the lock of the safe, which was empty."

"Have you obtained the numbers of the missing notes?" Page inquired.

"Yes," said the inspector, and he produced a slip of paper on which were the ten numbers of the missing notes.

Page copied them into his notebook, and then crossed over to the window, from which he gazed out upon the garden in apparent abstraction.

"I have discovered another useful thing," said the inspector, with some triumph. "This hat-pin is exactly the same in every way as some which I found in a drawer in the toilet table of Miss Millar's room."

"Do you suppose she did it?" Page asked.

"Looks mighty like it," the other replied. "I'd have had her arrested, only the evidence, though convincing, is rather slight, so I'm just having her kept under observation."

Nothing further worth chronicling occurred during our interview. We returned to the morning room, found Mr. Theodore Weare waiting for us, and asked him to have the servants brought in for examination.

"The old nurse is ill in bed," he informed us, "but the other servant shall be brought at once."

When the girl reached the room she dropped us a curtsy and straightway began to talk.

"Maybe it isn't for the like of me to say it," she informed us, "but Mr. Robert was none too kind to Miss Lillian. I don't think he let her have any money at all, though all he was spending was hers by right. If she did it to him, I, for one, don't blame her."

Working on this suggestion we discovered from various sources that Miss Millar had indeed been unhappy with her guardian.

She returned to the house in the early afternoon, and Mr. Theodore Weare introduced us to her. She was as fine a specimen of young English womanhood as I had ever met, and I believe Page shared my opinion.

We chatted together for some time, and eventually the conversation was turned to the crime which had brought us to Lincoln. Miss Millar was unmoved when her guardian's name was mentioned.

"He was very unkind to me," she said, "but I forgive him."

Page requested her to conduct him to the room of the old nurse, for the latter was the only member of the household whom he had not interviewed. I waited for them in the morning-room, and I imagine it was about a quarter-of-an-hour till they returned.

Scarcely had they entered the room when the inspector and a couple of constables presented themselves in the doorway.

"Lillian Millar," said the inspector, "I arrest you for the murder of Robert Weare."

The girl threw her hands over her face and began to cry softly.

"One moment!" said Page. "Before you put your warrant into execution, inspector, let us adjourn to the room of Mrs. Appleby, this young lady's nurse."

We all went there, Miss Millar with us. When we reached the bedroom, the girl threw herself on her knees at the bedside and clasped the invalid's hand in hers.

"Oh, Nancy," she sobbed, "this is terrible!"

"Hold your tongue!" commanded the woman in bed. "Gentlemen, listen to me.

"For all the years that Miss Lillian has been under the charge of Robert Weare, she has led a life of misery. I have even known him strike her. Last night she asked him to give her £20 to start her in the world, and I heard him say that she would leave him and become a hospital nurse.

"What was his reply? He pushed her from him, and she fell on the floor! I had seen this sort of thing too long, and I made up my mind to kill him. I went into his room when he was asleep, and did it with a hat-pin."

"I took these," said the girl. "They were my own money, and I was determined to take some of them and go to London to earn my living. I went into his room, opened the safe and took them out. I did not know he was [illegible]

They left a policeman to sit by the old nurse's bedside, but the shock of what she had forced herself to do proved too much for her, and she died before the day was out.

"How did you get on the right track?" asked Page as we returned to London.

"Didn't you notice," he replied, "that the point of the hat-pin was stained with acid as well as blood? When I went with Miss Lillian to the nurse's room, I saw on the latter's dressing-table a small bottle of carbolic jelly, such as chemists sell for toothache.

"I taxed her with the crime, when she was outside, and she confessed that she had borrowed the pin from Miss Lillian because her ordinary pin was not long enough to reach the bottom of the bottle.

"She promised to make a full confession if necessary, and, as you heard, she did so.

From the point of view of science, that is the end of the case, but there was a little sequel which may interest you. Within six months Page married Miss Lillian Millar, and I had the pleasure of acting as best man at the ceremony.

THE END.

## "RICHARD SELBY: ENGLISHMAN."

*Next week we shall print the first of a New Series of Complete Stories by Adam Stern: the title will be "Richard Selby: Englishman," and they are stories that grip from the start. Richard Selby is the embodiment of a powerful writer's ideal of a vigorous, likeable modern man.*

*He is a character whom you will want to make friends with, for you will be in absolute sympathy with him.*

## PIRATES OF BRAINS.

There is a practically unknown dramatist who is coining money. Whenever a new book is published he reads it of its central idea, fits this idea with another obtained from a recently produced play, and from a combination of the two he makes a comedy or a [illegible] His pieces are not produced in London, but they lack the necessary finish, [illegible] splendidly in the provinces especially in smaller towns, and he rakes in the royalties paid him by the managers.

He is not the only man who [illegible] Many a patent agent lives in luxury on the [illegible] of inventions he has pirated [illegible] The usual procedure is to advertise [illegible] ing to give advice to inventors [illegible] for a ridiculously small sum.

The unsuspicious men of ideas submit children of their brain; these are eventually turned to them with the brief intimation that there would be no money in that particular idea. In ninety-nine cases in each hundred this is perfectly true, for the average "idea for an invention" which the amateur submits, is worthless. In the hundredth case, however, the patent agent finds something good, and he immediately patents it in his own name, sending the inventor the usual notice that the thing is useless.

We would not have it supposed that this is the system followed by all patent agents, many of whom are honest men; it is merely the practice of a certain number.

# ECKFORD'S

**Sweet Peas**

When growing Sweet Peas grow only the best. The best that can be obtained are Eckford's.

**1909 COLLECTIONS.**

**Villa (B) Collection.**
[illegible] splendid varieties, separate [illegible]ed, suitable for exhibition, fifty seeds of each, 5/6.

**Villa (C) Collection.**
[illegible] splendid varieties, separa[illegible] named, suitable for exhibition, fifty [illegible] of each, 2/6.

**Villa (E) Collection.**
Twelve splendid varieties, separate and named, suitable for Exhibition, twenty-five Seeds of each, 1/6.

*A Booklet giving full particulars on the culture of Sweet Peas given with every order* **FREE.** Send a post card for coloured, illustrated, and full descriptive catalogue. It is sent post free. Write to-day. Eckford's Culinary Peas also best, a trial four pints for complete succession, 3/6 post free.

**HENRY ECKFORD,** F.R.H.S.,
*Sweet Pea Specialist,*
WEM,
Shropshire

# SWEET PEAS

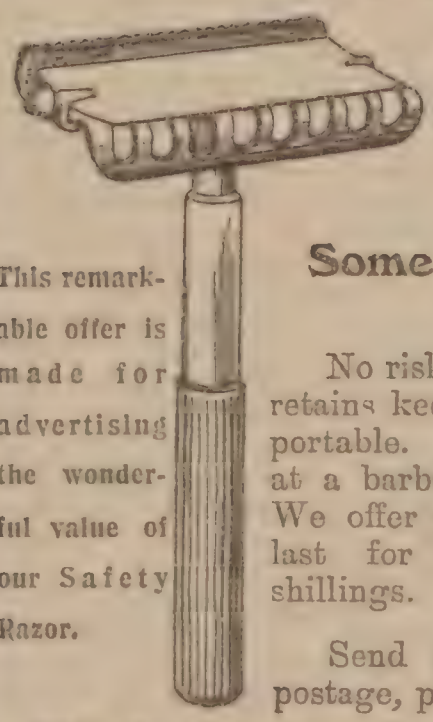
Genuine only *from* Wem



## A THOROUGHLY TESTED

Magnetic Steel

# SAFETY RAZOR



This remarkable offer is made for advertising the wonderful value of our Safety Razor.

for the exceptionally low price of **2/-**

### Some advantages of Shaving Yourself with a Safety Razor.

No risk of cuts or sores. Can shave in the dark. Blade retains keenness for months. Easily stropped. Extremely portable. More economical—three shaves during the week at a barber's, averaging 3d. each, runs into 39s. a year. We offer you a fully guaranteed safety razor, which will last for months without renewing the blade, for two shillings.

Send Postal Order to-day for 2s., and 3d. to cover postage, packing, etc., to

**The Safety Razor Co. (Dept. M), 48, Alden Grove, London, N.**

AGENTS WANTED. **NOTE.**—If you are not thoroughly satisfied your money will be returned in full. AGENTS WANTED.



# BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

## For Brain and Nerves.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

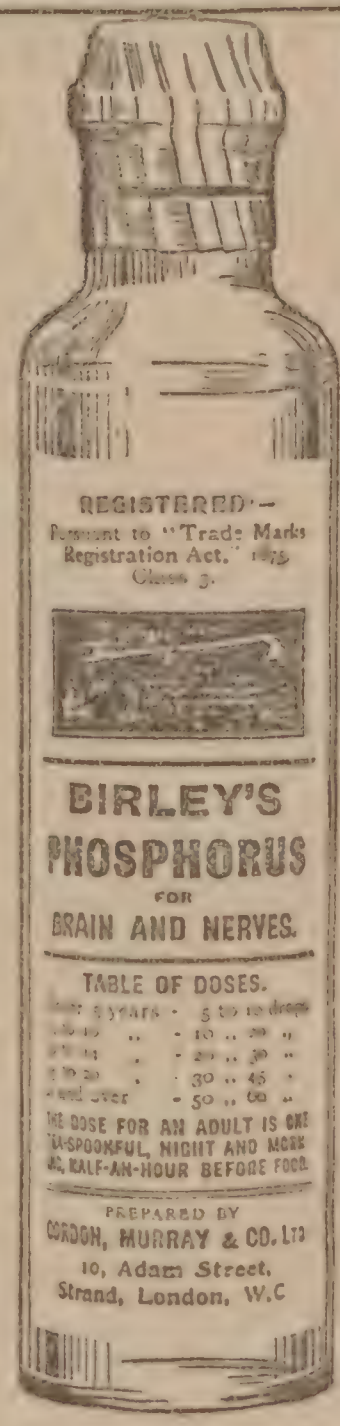
[illegible] strain on the Brain and Nerves [illegible] or uses up the Phosphorus at too [illegible]rate, and when it is below Nature's [illegible]there quickly follows one or other of [illegible] many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, [illegible] Vitus' Dance, Trembling, [illegible] or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

***ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.***


REGISTERED—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875
Class 5.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
[illegible] 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
[illegible] - 10 .. 20 ..
[illegible] - 20 .. 30 ..
[illegible] - 30 .. 45 ..
[illegible] - 50 .. 60 ..
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C

## THIS BOTTLE FREE

SEND THIS COUPON D. X. 6
To GORDON MURRAY and CO., Ld.,
10, Adam-street, Strand, London, W.C., with four penny stamps to cover parcel, postage, packing, and despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle, as illustrated (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. If you have previously had one of these Trial Bottles we cannot accept your application for another. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

# FLEECING THE COLLECTOR.

AN ASPECT OF MODERN CRIME.

Last year a young man residing at Brighton was convicted for contravening the Post Office Protection Act. In his room had been found 447 dies for the printing of counterfeit foreign stamps. On his behalf it was urged that he was merely acting for others, that he was in fact only the tool of a powerful gang. The discovery of this forgery factory helps to explain the astonishing finds and bargains which self-satisfied collectors have recently been making.

One of the most amusing stamp forgery tricks was played by the King of Sedang, who arrived in Paris some time ago, and put up at a fashionable hotel with his suite. Letters began to arrive for him bearing a strange stamp, and quickly the rumour spread about the capital that His Majesty had apparently printed a stamp unknown to philatelists. He himself was unapproachable, but his prime minister was open to corruption, and so for a gigantic sum he offered, unknown to the king, to secure a few of the coveted stamps.

**THE THINGS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.**

This traffic went on till the Parisian stamp market was exhausted. Then the king departed, leaving his bills unpaid behind him, and somebody thought of looking up his kingdom in a gazetteer, when it was discovered that it did not exist. The stamps were of course absolutely worthless.

The stamp faker is responsible for many unfounded rumours. When you hear that a certain issue is to be called in, beware of rushing to the dealers for specimens of that issue. As likely as not there is no truth in the report, and the stamps have been put on the market by forgers who have taken this means of bucking up the trade.

So also with accidents. Not very long ago the discovery was made that the fivepenny New South Wales stamp had apparently been printed a shade lighter than usual. This was hailed as a great discovery, and collectors tumbled over one another to get the light stamps. It was not till the dealers were sold out that they were discovered to be worthless; ordinary stamps had been submitted to a chemical bath, which removed a portion of the ink.

**SOME NEAT FAKES.**

The adding of surcharges, or the making of perforations on genuine stamps, is a simple matter to the faker. More art is required in cutting a couple of stamps to pieces and refitting them in a novel way. In 1869 the United States issued a batch of stamps with the centres upside down. Genuine specimens of these are worth up to £80, but half those treasured in albums have been constructed from two worthless stamps, the centre of both being cut out, and that of one neatly moulded into the other.

The market for autographs has practically been ruined by impudent forgeries. Those of present day celebrities being of little value, the forger has concentrated his efforts upon those of famous men of past ages.

He secures a genuine autograph, traces it down upon a piece of paper, and then inks it in with mathematical accuracy. He is extremely careful to select paper of a suitable date, generally using the margins of old books, and, when the signature has been made, creasing it and discolouring it till it is indistinguishable from the genuine article.

You may have observed in the course of your travels that in every old world town in England there is to be found a restaurant or tea-shop, the rooms of which are decorated with old china, old furniture and old prints.

You marvel that in such a place, where hundreds of wealthy visitors must see the treasures each summer, the owner should have been able to resist the temptation of parting with them; as a matter of fact he parts with them with the utmost readiness, replenishing his stock with the aid of a spurious antique firm in London.

The house is obviously an ancient one, and the guileless traveller imagines that he has made a discovery—possibly he even plumes himself on being able to cheat the owner into selling for less than the real worth, and consequently he comes a cropper. Even the cut glass scent bottles and the Toby jugs which decorate the mantelpiece of the wayside cottage, are not now above suspicion, especially if the cottage be on a main road where motorists are likely to stop for refreshment or water.

**MODERN "OLD" LUSTRE.**

Some years ago a successful deception was practised owing to the sudden return to popularity of silver and copper lustre.

It was hard to get when the craze started, and shops and cottages were ransacked for it. But presently there came on the market a large supply, in every respect like the old lustre.

This came from certain small factories in Wales, which turned out imitations till they killed the demand.

Criminal relics always find a market amongst the morbid-minded. The little penny lantern used by Milsom and Fowler in the Muswell Hill murder has been sold again and again for several pounds to ardent collectors; in fact if all the supposedly genuine lanterns were brought together he should have enough to stock an ironmonger's.

The instrument of prison correction known as the cat is eagerly bought by a certain type of collector. There is a little shop in the Mile End Road, where cats, hangman's ropes, blood-stained hatchets and other things, all nicely labelled with particulars of the crime with which they are connected, are sold in the front premises, and faked in the parlour at the back.

**THE RESULT OF EDUCATION.**

Medals and coins are forged with great accuracy, an appearance of age being given to them by immersion in pickle. In Greece practically everybody has a classical education, and, as a result, we have brilliant forgeries of classical coins, which are sold to every traveller in that country, and are so accurate in all details as to deceive the most knowing savant.

Crimean and Waterloo medals are made by the dozen, and exhibited in pawnbrokers' shops in garrison towns, where the collector is likely to search for such things.

Prints, old books, old furniture all make grist to the mill of the faker. He does not invariably, however, stick to his own particular line. Sometimes he goes in for swindling pure and simple.

Recently the Bishop of Kaschau in Hungary was approached by a dealer who assured him that his splendid collection of pictures, lace and jewels were largely imitations. The Bishop bowed to the opinion of the expert, and when the latter offered him various small sums for the alleged fakes parted with them.

The antiquities were really genuine, and were promptly sold in the open market for £52,000. Then the suspicions of the Bishop were aroused, and he examined certain curios, which he had bought from the dealer to fill up gaps in his collection. Every one of them was a fake.

R. Slater.


## TUITION BY POST.

Tuition by post is now a recognised method of education, and the International Correspondence Schools stand in the front rank of institutions catering for this need.

In the first place, the I.C.S. courses are essentially *practical*. They furnish training in those callings in which there is to-day the widest scope for men and women of ambition, and the point kept in view is *utility*.

Then the training is given with every regard for *individual* needs and ambitions. The most perfect confidence exists between the student and his tutors. His personal enquiries receive the closest attention and he is helped right forward to the position to which he aspires.

For full particulars of all the courses write to the Secretary, I.C.S., International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C., and mention "The Modern Man."

## A £500 INSURANCE

**Registered and good for a year.**

The Proprietors of "The Modern Man" have entered into an arrangement with the

**GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,**

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may obtain an Insurance for

**FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS**

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the holder if he or she be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY TRAIN, OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, or CAB within the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which he or she is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger or the holder of a free pass

The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, and accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d and an addressed envelope.

No person may hold more than one of these insurances in respect of the publication in which the announcement appears.

**Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.**

**IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.**

**NOTE.**—Being Independent of all Tariff Combinations this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

***ASSETS - - Over £1,500,000.***

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE LONDON.

## THE MODERN MAN.

**Form of Application for £500 Insurance.**

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, [illegible]

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance advertised, and to register my name as [illegible], for such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose Postal Order for 6d.

*Full Name*, .....

*Address*, .....

.....

*Occupation*, .....

*Date*, .....

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

**Please Write Plainly.**

# CUNLIFFE RUSSELL & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1888).

## BANKERS & DEALERS

in Government, Municipal, Land Bank and other Bonds or Debentures issued by responsible public bodies on the Continent.

Best-known Experts and largest Dealers in this form of Security in the world.

Hold large Stocks, and can deliver by return of post.
Lend money on approved Continental Securities.
No connection with any other Firm.
Bankers' references in all transactions of importance.

Sole Address since 1890:

10 & 12, PLACE DE LA BOURSE, PARIS.

Regd. Tel. Address—"CUNRUSSELL, PARIS."

# Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the **OATINE SHAVING CREAM** (in tubes) or the **OATINE SHAVING STICK**, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **OATINE SOAPS** for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as **OATINE CREAM**, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

## FREE SAMPLES

of **OATINE CREAM** and **OATINE SOAP** will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

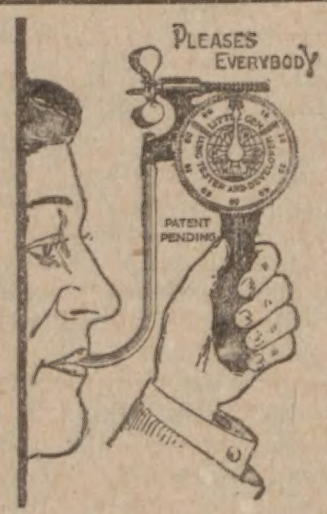
THE OATINE CO., 79A, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, S.E.

# SPAIN.

Complete views of bull-fights, pictures of Aragonese dancers, Andalusian Costumes, etc. State preferences. Sample lots at 3/- P.O.—**Sehrgent** a/c, **228, Rua B. de G. Cosme, Oporto.** 2½d.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A fine manly moustache grows in a few days at any age by using "**Mousta.**" Always effective. **Money returned if not satisfied.** Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) or **6d. Stamps.** Send at once to: **T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, N.**




# LUNG-TESTER.

A clever scientific instrument which accurately records the strength and capacity of the lungs. Use once a day for only 1 minute, and you will increase your chest measurement from 1 to 3 inches and your breathing capacity 50 per cent.

**Strengthens Weak Lungs and Chest.**

MOST INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE FOR HOME PARTY COMPETITIONS.

*(Dip Mouthpiece in clean water after each person, and there is no danger.)*

*PRICE ONE SHILLING.*

Postage 1d. extra. Two post free for 2s., three for 2s. 9d.

**PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE,** 20, Albert House, 73, Farringdon St., E.C.

# Free Cure FOR RHEUMATISM

**Full size 4s. 6d. external treatment offered free to every sufferer who sends us full name and address.**

## £100 OFFER.

We have cured thousands of Rheumatic, Lumbago, and Gout sufferers in all parts of the world without the patient risking a single penny. Read how we do it.

Rheumatism is caused by the accumulation of Uric Acid in the joints and muscles, and we cure you by drawing this poisonous acid right out of the system through the larger sweat pores of the skin.

The price of our treatment is 4s. 6d., but if you cut out this notice and post it to us at once, with your full name and address, we guarantee to send a full 4s. 6d. treatment absolutely free of charge. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, then you can send us 4s. 6d. If not, we simply take your word, and the treatment costs you nothing. You decide.

You are not asked to take baths, or poisonous or harmful drugs. We cure Rheumatism (in any form) in an easier, safer, and better way without taking a single dose of medicine.

Now, don't hesitate, but write us to-day, certain, addressing Magic Foot Draft Co., OJ 4, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C., and the full size 4s. 6d. treatment will be sent you complete by return post, absolutely free to try. We offer £100 to anyone proving this offer is not as we represent it.

# The Musical Educator. LIBRARY OF INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

**FIRST PAYMENT, 1s. 6d.,**

Of all branches of art and knowledge, Music is the one most generally cultivated for its own sake; and lovers of music rightly recognise that the higher their musical cultivation is, the richer is their enjoyment either in performing or in listening.

The aim of THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR is to supply in compact and interesting form a complete and systematic musical education.

We would especially draw attention to the following features, the practical value of which will be apparent to all students and professors of music and singing:

**The Piano and How to Play it.**
By Mark Hambourg.

**The Art of Organ-Playing.**
By Edwin H. Le Mare.

**The Teaching of Singing.**
By Mdme. Marchesi.

**On Playing the Violin.**
By John Dunn.

**The Art of Conducting.**
By Dr. F. H. Cowen.

The titles of a few of the other sections are appended. Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert.

Course on Voice Training, Singing and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. Course on the Violin. (By Wm. Daly. Positions illustrated by Diagrams and Photographs specially made for this work.) Course on Harmonium and American Organ. Course on the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Musical Analysis, and Composition. Dictionary of Musical Terms. Articles on the instruments used in Orchestras and in Military Bands. History of Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. Article on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees and Education. Article on Nationality in Music.

The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, &c., and include seventy-five portraits in photogravure of famous composers, singers, and instrumentalists, many of these being exceedingly rare. THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR is further enriched by five beautiful frontispieces, reproducing five notable pictures of great musical interest, also eight portraits of modern musicians.

**[TWO OPINIONS.]**

**Sir J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., Gresham Professor of Music, Organist at Westminster Abbey:**

"THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

**Mr CHAS. J. WINYARD, 20, Aberdeen Terrace, Tyne Dock:**

"I find it of inestimable value in the education of my children, and also of great benefit to myself. The lessons are so graded that anyone should be able to make himself efficient by their study."

## FREE INQUIRY FORM.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part—
Detailed Prospectus of **The Musical Educator,** and
Particulars of your plan by which the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

NAME_____
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning *The Modern Man.*)

ADDRESS_____

# THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### THE MOTH CURSE.

One may pack away clothes in a well fitting chest of drawers, and imagine that they will be perfectly safe, but the moth seems able to defy the most cunning devices of the furniture maker. This insect's game is, as you know, to deposit its eggs on a woollen fabric, leaving them to hatch and the resultant worms to feed upon the cloth.

The safest plan is perhaps to take out from time to time all clothes that are stored away, and shake them thoroughly. The practice of putting in with them lumps of camphor or preparations of naphtha is not a particularly dainty one, as the smell of these things will remain with the clothes long after they have been removed from the drawers. Various perfume satchets have the effect of banishing moths, and I should infinitely prefer them to the objectionable camphor.

An apple, however much wizened and dried will also help to keep away moths, and the smell it will lend to the clothes is by no means objectionable. Even a packet of common salt will do much to this end.

### THE EFFECT OF SPORT.

The little slit at the back of a jacket is a relic of the longer slit which was necessary in the old days when practically everyone rode on horseback. We do not sit on saddles as much as we did, but we sit on chairs, where the back slit is just as useful in keeping the coat from being creased.

Flannel and silk collars were first worn by golfers, and from them have spread to all who are fortunate enough to live in the country. To golf also must, I think, largely be attributed the decrease in the height of the linen collar.

Trousers used to be very much wider than they are now, but athletics were responsible for cutting them down to their present dimensions. Men found it impossible to walk with any comfort while these loose draperies flapped about the legs, and so the trousers were narrowed, so that their wearers might enjoy walking to full advantage.

### WALKING STICKS.

At the present moment it can scarcely be said that there is a fashion in walking sticks, the selection being left to the individual taste of the user. A ninepenny whangee is considered a perfectly suitable stick with a lounge suit, while with a morning coat one's instinct naturally prompts the selection of a malacca, rattan, or some other more or less elaborate implement.

The chief thing in buying a stick is, I imagine, to harden one's heart against the cheap and ornamental stick. A cheap stick if plain is considered quite correct, but the three-and-sixpenny silver mounteds are certain to be largely duplicated, and are apt to brand their users as people of more pretentions than substance.

For my own part I find considerable difficulty in getting a stick long enough to feel comfortable, and I generally have to request the tradesman to remove the ferrule and replace it by one of greater length. The difference of an inch or even half an inch is all important in the usefulness of a stick.

The design of the handle is only a matter of taste, but the crook is unquestionably the most convenient, as by its means the stick can be slung over the arm if the hands are full of other things.

### WHY DO WE USE THEM?

It is humorous, if you think of it, that a man should take his stick with him into a railway carriage, lay it carefully on the rack, remove it when he reaches his destination, carry it to the omnibus, hold it between his knees, and when he reaches his office place it carefully in the umbrella stand. What is the good of carrying about this piece of furniture?

Generally we say that it is because we men find our hands awkward members to manage properly. We must have something to carry in them, or else we must stow them away in our pockets.

I was discussing this very question with a learned professor the other day.

"My dear fellow," he said, "the trait is an inheritance. Those apes which most nearly approach the human form invariably arm themselves with clubs, the savage carries a spear, and the civilised man inherits the instinct and indulges it by arming himself with a walking stick. It is just the same instinct that makes a dog turn round before it lies down."

### AMERICAN FASHIONS.

I was reading an American paper the other day, and obtained a little insight into the manner in which the extraordinary clothes of the American have come into being. The column which caught my eye particularly was alleged to have been written by an English correspondent.

"Mr. Max Beerbohm," it said, "always wears a soft collar with evening dress. He never wears anything but a yellow silk vest adorned with large green china buttons."

"Mr. George Alexander was seen up the river the other day," it declares further on, "in a double-breasted dark brown flannel suit with large stripes of red running crosswise. He was wearing a red white and yellow shirt with a collar to match. His socks were lavender, as also were his kid gloves."

If Mr. Alexander observed this particular article, he must have been rather interested in the novelty of wearing kid gloves on the river, and Mr. Beerbohm's feelings concerning the green china buttons might perhaps best be described by a few rows of asterisks.

The American public will not have facts. Information must be served up to them in a sensational manner. If they described a British celebrity as dressing in a quiet and gentlemanly way, their papers would not be read. They must describe something extraordinary, and it is these false reports of British fashions which largely stimulate the jeunesse dorée of America to garb itself in such an extraordinary manner.

### MOURNING FOR MEN.

There has been a happy change in the matter of mourning during the past few years. At one time a widower was expected to wear nothing but black for two whole years, then the time was cut down to twelve months, and the latest demands of etiquette do not require that black be worn at all. For a near relative a man will wear a band of black cloth, not crepe, round his left arm for six months, he will confine his neckwear to black, and he will substitute a watchguard of knitted black silk for his usual watchchain. His suit will be dark grey. At the end of six months the arm band will come off, but the black tie may be worn for six months longer.

Black gloves of the shiny variety are absolutely tabooed. At a funeral the right glove to wear is that of black suede, and during the months of mourning dark slate will be preferred to tan. Near relatives still wear a mourning band round their silk hats at the actual funeral ceremony, but, should they continue to wear a silk hat in every day life, this band must be removed.

The change in these matters is eminently satisfactory, for there is nothing to be gained by exhibiting one's grief before the eyes of one's neighbours, and black clothes are depressing both to the wearer and to everyone who sees him.

### THE TOPPER.

I number amongst my intimate friends a dear old maiden lady who keeps a silk hat hanging in her hall, in order that tramps who come to the door may suppose she has a male relative on the premises. I wish silk hats could be put to that use exclusively. I would make allowance in only such cases as that of the bridegroom on his way to the ceremony, who must have somewhere to conceal his buttonhole.

Dr. Macnamara once remarked to me that the silk hat is the very keystone of the arch of the British constitution. Certainly it is a kind of hall mark of either wealth or pretentiousness, and is thus equally useful and misleading to shopkeepers. The duke wears a tile hat, the banker does so likewise, but so do the commercial traveller and the shoplifter. I do not think it is on record that any jeweller has been swindled by a customer who has not worn a silk hat.

Happily the popularity of the hat is waning amongst the upper classes, to an extent sufficient to allow their imitators to please themselves. A noble lord is now as likely to be seen in a tweed suit and bowler, as in a frock coat and tile, and those who wish to be dressed as well as noble lords, may thus give scope to their fancy, and wear the tweed suit which their common sense makes them prefer.

At various social functions the King has appeared in a white felt hat and grey suit, instead of a topper and frock coat. He of course sets the fashion, the lordlings copy him and the commercial travellers copy the lordlings.

### THE STAMP OF RESPECTABILITY.

We shall never lose the silk hat altogether, however. Apart from the associations that have grown around it, it does actually give a certain amount of dignity to a figure that would be otherwise insignificant (let me emphasise the fact that I refer to the topper when worn with the necessary morning coat, and not when wedded in that abominable combination the silk hat and the jacket).

A man whose head is too small or too large, a man whose forehead retreats, can yet make himself look a dignified member of society when he wears a tile hat.

The applicant for a post will often find it advantageous to wear a tile hat on his first visit of inspection, and socially I know of no more powerful instrument. It is revered by every flunkey.

### THE KING AS FASHION PLATE.

I am well aware of the general belief that London fashions and consequently masculine fashions the world over originate with the King. The supposition is incorrect.

The King has on several occasions expressed his desire to see male attire become more picturesque; for instance he has said that knee breeches would be more becoming for evening dress than trousers. But saying a thing does not create a fashion. The King sets the fashion in rules of dress rather than in styles. You will remember that some years ago he was the first to wear a grey frock coat at a fashionable garden party, thus elevating this garment to equal rank with the older favourite of black. But in the matter of thinking out fashions the King does not trouble himself, nor is he ever amongst the first to adopt a new style.

He does not like to be copied, and it is his custom to give particular instructions that all designs of cloth submitted to him must be regarded as exclusive, should he decide upon having suits made from them. He has even gone the length sometimes of buying up yards and yards of material, in order that other people might not have clothes exactly the same as his.

He is very particular in regard to matters of dress, his taste is practically infallible, and he may well be regarded as the best dressed man of his age. But there is a difference between being the best dressed man, and being the creator of new fashions. The King is the one, he is not the other.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d. to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

# JU-JU-TSU.

## The Japanese Method of Self-Defence and Physical Culture.

## The Most Perfect System in the World.

## What it Is and What it Does.

JU-JU-TSU, "the art of gentle control," is the Japanese science which enables those who possess a practical knowledge of it to overcome, and, if necessary, disable the most powerful assailant, even if taken at a disadvantage, size, weight, and strength not being important factors; and apart from its defensive qualities, its practise will develop Health, Strength, Endurance, Vitality, Will-power, Self-confidence; and will cure Dyspepsia, Corpulency, Nervousness, and all kindred Disorders.

## Self-Protection.

Every man, woman, or child at some time in life feels the need of the physical ability necessary for Self-Defence. The possession of a knowledge of JU-JU-TSU is your only **certain** protection.

## A Recent Letter from a Pupil.

DEAR MR. GARRUD,—I was invalided home from India a perfect wreck, and after a course of 12 lessons with you I am feeling quite strong, have greatly increased my weight, and my strength is twenty times what it was a fortnight ago. I cannot too strongly advise anyone who is not in very robust health to take up the finest system on earth, *i.e.*, JU-JU-TSU.—Yours sincerely, R.S.T., Lieut. 13 Rajpan.

## ONE TRIAL LESSON FREE, ANY DAY FROM 3 to 9 p.m.

Why remain at a physical disadvantage? Give us a call. You will be met with every courtesy, and be under no obligation.

**HOURS, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.**

### Specially Suitable Methods for Ladies by Madam Garrud.

TYPEWRITTEN COURSES FOR CLIENTS IN COUNTRY AND ABROAD, 10/6. Many hundreds have been sold in all parts of the World.

*Write for full particulars:*

## Prof. W. H. GARRUD

(*Late Prof. Raku Uyenishi*), *one of the Founders of the Teachers' Gymnastic Institute,*

**31a, GOLDEN SQUARE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.**

***Boxing, Wrestling, Fencing, also Taught by Experts.***

# Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

# Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

## FOR YOUR HAIR.

**I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.**

*Geo R Sims*

# Tatcho

## WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

**DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."**

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

*Philip. Cook M.D.*

**MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."**

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

*Ed. Keate.*
*Major General*

**LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."**

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

*Jessie Sykes*

**COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."**

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

*E Perry*
*Col Retd*

**COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."**

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

*R Bacot-Chester*

**THE NOVELIST "RITA."**

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

*Rita*

**COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."**

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

*T. Wolfe Murray*
*Commander R.N.*

**LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."**

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

*Lady Collins*

## WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all [illegible]. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

## The COUPON

FOR A

## 4/6 Trial Bottle,

## TATCHO.

**Cut this out.**

**"TATCHO" COUPON.**

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M. *Dr Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer &c*